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JOHN BULL

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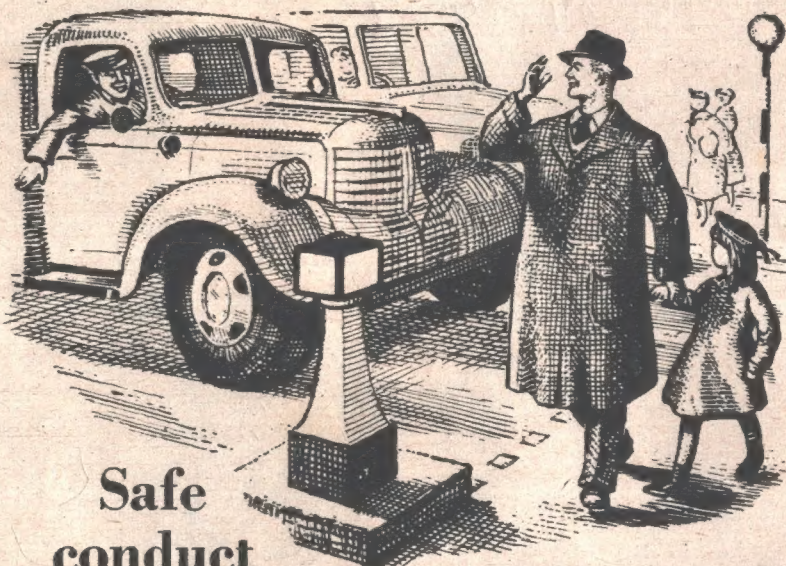
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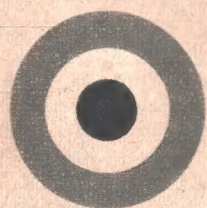
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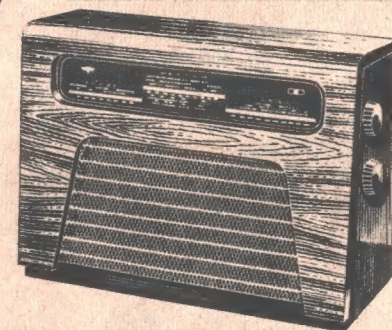
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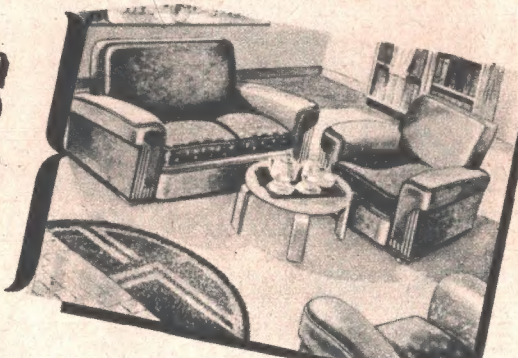
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EDITORIAL

GIVE US THE COAL—BUT SAVE THE LAND

OPENCAST MINING GAVE US nearly eleven million tons of coal in 1948 and will probably yield fifteen million tons this year.

We need the coal. Indeed, we need all the coal we can get, by any workable means. We are in no position to object to a source of supply simply because it involves disadvantages. But the opencast method of mining is justified only if it is subject to a number of safeguards. Badly managed, it ruins the countryside and does serious damage to agriculture.

For "opencast" means the quarrying of coal from seams which can be laid open to the sky. It therefore devastates the surface of the land.

Nearly 40,000 acres have already been requisitioned by the Fuel Ministry at 130 places. This year agriculture will lose another 6,500 acres, of which 6,000 can be returned when the coal has been removed.

Thus, to attain a weekly target total of around 300,000 tons of coal, the equivalent of thirty more good-sized farms must go out of food production, as well as the large areas which have already vanished under the bulldozers' attack.

The richest opencast areas are Yorkshire and North Midlands, and it is from there that protests have recently come. But Lancashire, the north-east and Glamorgan are also affected.

Two fears cause the protests—fear of losing amenities, and fear of permanent damage to agriculture.

AMENITIES can be saved only by persuading the Fuel Ministry to go away and dig somewhere else. Agriculture is best protected by insisting on speedy, efficient restoration of the land after mining.

There need be no complaint about the safeguards beforehand. Not a turf can be cut anywhere before the Ministries of Fuel, Works, Agriculture, Planning, Transport and Health have had their say: and public bodies such as the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and local societies can all speak up and help to influence the final decision.

True, they may be overridden on grounds of urgent public need. They were in the case of Wentworth Woodhouse, where the famous and historic estate, one of England's showplaces, is to lose another 400 acres this season. A nation with its back to the economic wall may have to make these hard choices.

And, in spite of individual hardship, the damage which "opencast" does to amenities is temporary. More important is the damage done to farming—for food is just as vital as coal.

Imagine the dismay of a farmer whose land is requisitioned. He may

be the most skilful farmer in Britain—he is put out of business just the same. His compensation for immediate financial loss is adequate—but no money compensates a man for even temporary loss of the benefits of slowly acquired knowledge and love of his land, nor for the difficulties of making a fresh start elsewhere.

How sad and resentful such a farmer must be when he walks round his requisitioned fields for the last time! He sees the bulldozers at work, scraping off the precious topsoil, which alone grows food, and which is dumped in a heap. The same is then done to the subsoil, perhaps containing a costly drainage system. Hedges and trees come down along with the farmer's hopes.

NEXT, after blasting to open up the seams, the excavators get busy on the coal—and the very face of the farm begins to sink. A man won't know his own land when he comes back to it—if he comes back. . . .

Before that can happen, and after the coal has been taken away, the subsoil is put back, then the topsoil. The agricultural authorities check the drainage on its new lower level, and sow and study the first crops. Only when they are satisfied that the land is fully back in production may they return it to the farmer.

Even if this procedure is followed conscientiously, there must be a loss of several years' agricultural production. If it is not properly carried out, a mined farm is permanently ruined. There is grave reason to suspect that, in some areas, too little trouble is being taken over this vital business.

We have had a terrible warning of the dangers which accompany opencast mining in the ugliness and devastation left by sand and gravel quarrying.

In the gravel industry, contractors often bought farmland cheaply, dug out their product over scores of acres, and got their money back with a big profit. Then they abandoned the workings, to become eyesores, useless to agriculture, and breeding places for weeds and pests.

THESE evils must never be allowed to follow opencast coalmining, which, although carried out by contractors, is the State's responsibility.

Yet some agricultural committees seem too sluggish to make the necessary representations to the Ministries concerned.

Close and continuous inspection of the work is needed, followed by ruthless gingering up of all concerned. The regulations are there, the best methods are well known. But they won't work without energy behind them. That energy must be found. Even to get coal we must not squander our precious capital of rich farmland.

John Bull 186 High Holborn London W.C.1

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saucepans. You need: 1/2 lb. onions; 1/2 lb. tomatoes; 2 oz. breadcrumbs; 2 oz. corned beef; 1 teasp. chopped parsley; 1 grated carrot; 1 stick celery, chopped; 1 cup meat extract; 2 oz. pearl barley; seasoning. Peel and slice onions and tomatoes. Sprinkle greased casserole with breadcrumbs. Start with a layer of onions, then chopped corned beef, then parsley and celery. Cover with crumbs, then put in a layer of tomatoes and carrots. Scatter in barley, pour over meat extract, add seasoning, finish with crumbs. Top with pieces of dripping. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 1/2 hours. (Kitchen-tested recipe.)

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Red Army officer gives tankmen orders. Hitler wasn't alone in miscalculating Russian strength. To repeat that error might be disastrous

HOW GOOD ARE RUSSIA'S FORCES?

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

Britain's leading military expert has made a special survey for John Bull of a vital subject that has up to now been obscured by speculation and conflicting reports. Here are Captain Liddell Hart's findings

IT IS USUAL to estimate the strength of Russia's forces in numbers of men and to set it forth in rows of o's that are aptly called "round numbers."

Last May, before the summer crisis arose over Berlin, our Minister of Defence stated that Russia had between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 men under arms on her present peacetime basis, compared with 3,000,000 at the time when Hitler invaded Russia. The estimate of A. V. Alexander corresponded with that published earlier by Hanson Baldwin, the eminent military correspondent of the *New York Times*, who, in more detail, put the number of existing divisions in the Red Army between 175 and 195. Authoritative quarters in France put it as 175 to 180.

So there appears to be close agreement as to how big the forces of Russia are.

More important is the question, "How good are her forces?"

On that vital question, views widely differ. A prevalent opinion in both British and American military quarters is that the quality of Russia's forces is very low, technically and tactically, compared with their quantity. It would seem that the Governments are inclined to accept that opinion, for otherwise they could hardly be content with the paltry defence measures they have set on foot.

It is essential to examine the question as thoroughly as possible. Before we can

do that there are a lot of cobwebs to clear away. For only eight years ago authoritative military opinion, both in Britain and in America, was as mistaken as Hitler himself in estimating the chances of Russia's capacity to stand against an army of Western type. British generals who carried weight by their rank took the view that Russia would be beaten within six weeks, and American ones put it even shorter.

That time their miscalculation had no worse effect than to make them look silly, but another time it might prove disastrous. Yet postwar analysis of the 1941 Russian campaign shows that they were not quite so foolish in their judgment as events made them look at the

time. For Russia's military power was badly cracked, and the Germans might have come nearer to definite victory but for their blunders and initial miscalculations.

But the margin of error in top-level military judgment on both sides and in all quarters was big enough to be a general warning for the future. It demonstrated the military tendency to jump to assumptions and the need for a more scientific exploration of the facts.

In the case of modern Russia, there have been two special factors which made for mistaken conclusions. One is her isolation and the other is the prejudices that the word "Communism" created from the start. Nothing makes people

jump to hasty assumptions like a label, particularly when it is a coloured label.

On the whole, soldiers are less inclined than civilians to underrate the forces opposed to them, but in the case of the Russian forces the label "Red" has acted on them like the proverbial red rag to a bull and as a result they have often been led astray in their judgment of facts.

They could not imagine that the Red Army could have any discipline, and they have always been apt to regard any particular flaws or failings as proof of its general incapacity. Similarly, the Russians' judgment about other nations has suffered from the deluding effect of the word "capitalism" on a "white" label. It has several times misled her leaders into assuming that they had only to push on and their opponents would show the white flag.

Mutual delusions have been multiplied by Russia's isolation, and the consequent lack of information. Even during the war the Western Powers knew far less about the situation and forces of their Russian ally than they did about their German foe.

Whereas they were able to discuss the detailed organization of the German forces, and could pin-point the location of units with remarkable accuracy, they were given only the vaguest outline of how their allies were organized and disposed. Their military missions were kept

in a gilded Moscow cage, with heaps of entertainment but very little scope for observation.

Only once, in 1942, were they allowed a brief and limited chance to see the fighting front. After that they were kept in quarantine.

It is thus natural that Western soldiers' ideas have been largely coloured by the impressions that many of them get from the glimpse they had of the Russian troops when the armies came in contact at the end of the war and before the Iron Curtain descended. That was a chaotic period and one of relaxation after prolonged effort.

Impressions of disorderliness, untidiness, stupidity and primitiveness predominated. The crudity of much of the Russian equipment caught the eye, and so did the odd assortment of transport—tanks and high-powered trucks mingled with one-horse farm carts.

Looked a Rabble

The lavishly equipped Westerners could not understand how an army could have carried on without so many things they had been accustomed to regard as necessary. They found it hard to believe that such an army could be efficient in a different way from their own. They felt that it would be easy to brush aside what looked to them such an ill-equipped rabble.

The reaction was all the stronger because their own wartime propaganda had built up such a high estimate of the Russian Army.

These superficial glimpses have greatly affected Anglo-American military views and largely account for the low estimate of the effectiveness of the Russian forces. But such a low estimate is hard to reconcile with their performance against the German Army, especially their long-striding advances in 1944-45. For we had much trouble in overcoming German forces even with a great superiority of power in all forms, and while the Russians had a large superiority in manpower over the Germans, they had not such a big superiority in firepower and nothing like such immense superiority in airpower as we had.

It is not reasonable, and is dangerous, to explain away the Russian successes as merely due to pure numbers of men. The truth lies somewhere between the low and high estimates.

The only foreign soldiers who are really acquainted with the Russian Army are the Germans, having come to know it in four years at close grips. It is to them

"We should realize there's far more to Russia's strength than massive manpower"

one must go for any first-hand evidence. I have done, so in a long series of discussions since the war with German generals and fighting men. By piecing together their evidence one can build up a fairly clear and complete picture of the equipment and tactics, the character and quality of Russia's forces.

First, let us take the question of material. There have, of course, been changes and developments since the war, but an exact idea how good the weapons and other equipment were at the start of war, and how much they improved during it, may be a fair indication of likely improvement since the war.

The general testimony is that the Russian weapons of most types were remarkably good even in 1941 when the German invasion was launched. The Russian rifles were more modern than the German and had a higher rate of fire. Their machine guns were equally good.

Their mortars were so simple in construction and roughly finished that they looked like the product of a village blacksmith, yet they were most efficient, while their apparent crudeness was far outweighed by the advantage of rapid output. It was all the more advantageous because their artillery, though excellent, was not so abundant as had been expected, and when a large part of it was overrun and captured in the first few months the Russians filled the gap by using large quantities of mortars, mounted on trucks, as a substitute until the enlarged production of artillery pieces from the new factories in the unoccupied areas began to make up the shortage.

Tanks, Main Asset

It was in tanks that the Russians enjoyed their greatest advantage.

This asset was the one of which they had the most need, since the invader's hopes of victory were mainly based on the decisive effect of his tank forces. Unfortunately for the Russians this technical advantage came into operation just too late to make a difference in the early battles.

That is a hitherto unrevealed story which is of great significance as a clue to what happened in 1941.

When the German invasion came, in June that year, the Russian tanks were

still of types that had been produced under the second Five-Year Plan. They were becoming out of date—though not more so than those the Germans were using (which were mostly of 1933-37 vintage).

The Russian tanks also outnumbered the German ones. But the Red Army forfeited that numerical advantage by the way it dispersed its tanks instead of concentrating them as the Germans did and by clumsy handling of them. As a result they were destroyed piecemeal by the skilfully manoeuvred German panzer divisions, and the Red Army was left stripped of most of its tanks by the end of the summer.

But new models, designed while Germany was overrunning the west, were just coming into production—the T34 medium tank and the KVI heavy tank. They proved superior to anything the invader had and cramped his manoeuvring style.

The Moscow Crisis

The T34 began to appear late in the summer, as the Germans completed the last bound before the advance on Moscow, and those that were available were used as strategic reserves to block the back end of holes that were made in the front. By 1942 the new types were being turned out in large quantities.

Here it is worth tracing the evolution of the Russian tanks. In the 1920s the earliest Russian-built tanks followed French patterns, with some modifications. Next, they bought Vickers models under licence from England and developed these. The T26, based on the Vickers six-tonner, became their main light tank, and although its limitations were shown up in the Spanish Civil War large numbers were still in use in 1941.

Meantime German influence had become predominant. While Germany was still debarred by the Versailles Treaty from building tanks, the Soviet Government gave her facilities for establishing experimental centres in Russia, at Voronezh and Kazan. The Germans profited from this help in developing their light Panzer I and II types, used in overrunning Poland and France.

The Russians profited also, for their T37 light tank was similar to the Panzer I,

JOHN BULL March 26 1949

and its successor the T60 was similar to the Panzer II. They also produced a heavy tank, T35, that was similar to a Borsig tank which the Germans tried and of which a few specimens were used in the invasion of Norway.

Neither proved satisfactory, and in 1941 the Russians had to rely mainly on the T28 heavy tank until they could replace it by the new KV design, which also showed German influence and was somewhat heavier than the Panzer III and IV which the Germans themselves evolved.

The KV led on to the Stalin tank, which made its impressive entry on the scene early in 1944.

Meanwhile the scales had been turned by the T34, which can be traced back to an American source. A private designer, Walter Christie, had there developed by the early 1930s a very fast tank of novel design which showed high promise. The Russians bought a sample, improved on it, and produced a medium (cruiser) tank, the BT, which they produced in quantity by 1936 as the main machine of their tank forces. It was much more reliable than its imported prototype, but its armour was thin—and for that the Russians had to pay a heavy price in the 1941 battles.

From it, however, they developed the T34, which had thicker armour (52 mm.), a more powerful gun (76 mm.), and was faster (34 m.p.h.) than any tank the German or any other army in the world had at the time.

Germans Outclassed

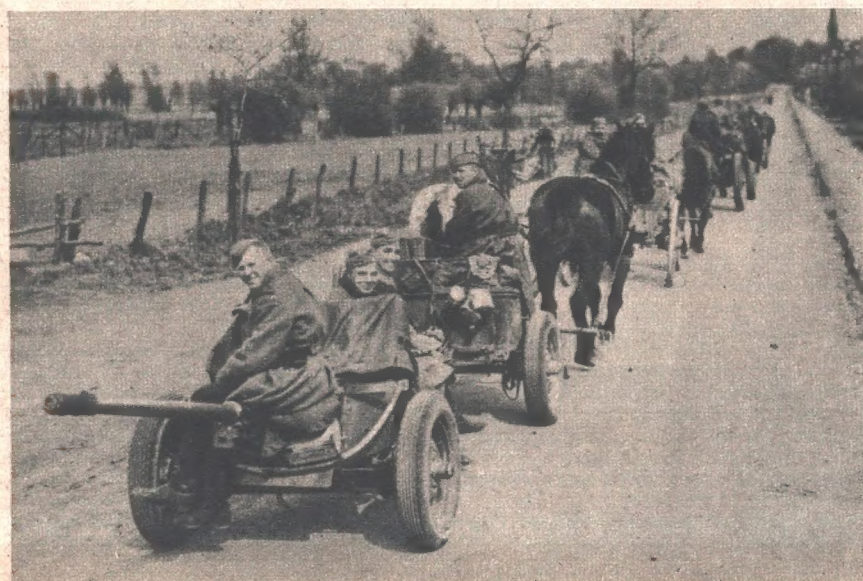
Other assets of this twenty-eight ton machine were its low build and unusually broad tracks. The Russians designed their tanks for Russian ground—sandy soil that so often turned into deep mud after rain. That gave them a further advantage.

The production of the T34 mounted steadily during 1942, despite all the upsets caused by the renewed German advances. Even while the months-long Battle of Stalingrad raged, a tank factory in the city was turning out ten to fifteen T34s a day.

The German besiegers, operating far ahead of their bases and nearly 2,000 miles from their factories, could not make up the wastage in the constant tank fights. Their 20-ton 20-m.p.h. medium tanks, the Panzer III and IV, were outclassed, as the German generals ruefully admitted. That was bad for the morale of the German troops at a crucial time.

By 1943 the Germans had produced the sixty-ton Tiger tank, with its 100 mm.

Continued on page 23



The sort of thing that foxed the world during the war and has puzzled it since. Horse-drawn Russian columns on one hand . . .



. . . On the other, tanks which smashed German divisions. And it's Germans' stories which help to assess Russia's present strength

SHE'S THE IDOL OF THE VILLAGE

by LAWRENCE EARL

As district nurse she looks after 1,200 people. And she's helped to bring a quarter of them into the world herself

MARGARET MARY WATKINS, a motherly maiden lady who wears round tortoise-shell spectacles and the starched white collar of a Queen's District Nurse, has taken note of the recent countrywide controversy on sex education for young children.

Nurse Watkins's world is a bleak but beautiful thirty-six square miles of isolated south-western Wales. Into it, over a period of twenty-seven years, she has brought 330 healthy babies. Most local mothers, who do not believe in modern teaching methods, have told their young that it is from Nurse's rectangular black bag that new babies spring. This sounds logical to the kids. They see her enter their home with the bag. And when she goes she leaves a baby behind.

Not long ago, however, a young farmer's son, not yet ten, heard that Nurse was going to minister to the seriously ill retired colonel who lived across the road. Worried, the boy ran to his mother.

"Mum," he demanded, bearing in mind the magic powers of the black bag, "what's going to happen to his baby if the colonel dies?"

Happily, the colonel recovered. And Nurse Watkins went on with her busy routine of tending to the ills of the more than 1,200 folk who inhabit the six parishes which form her bailiwick.

A Get-together

"In my work," she says, "there is enough of sorrow and tragedy. If you didn't see the funny side, how could you get along?"

That she has managed to get along very well with her super-sized family was proved one evening a couple of weeks ago. Two hundred men, women and children from far and near joined together in the village hall at Little Haven to do Nurse Watkins honour.

There were local funds left over from the days before the National Health Act, when each household in the district contributed towards maintenance of the nursing service. Now her grateful friends from Hanguard and Walwin's Castle, from Talbenny and Robeston West, from Walton West and Haroldston West, wanted to show their nurse how heartfelt is their appreciation for her years of unwavering help.

First, shyly grinning, they presented to her the most modern radiogram available, complete with a laudatory silver plaque. Then, with lusty shouts of approval, they voted the residue of the funds to modernize Nurse's house.

They did all this because Nurse Watkins, a very human person with more than the average share of compassion, has made a secure place for herself in their collective heart.

Oldtimers remember her as a strange

young nurse, fresh from her rigid training, doing her rounds on an ordinary push bicycle. They recall that rough storms, which blew in from the winter sea and sometimes swept her off her bike, never once stopped her from coming to a family who needed care and attention. Often she was soaked to the skin and dog-tired, but when any of them chided her for driving herself too hard, she asked simply: "Well, what's a district nurse for?"

The answer to that question is not quite as clear-cut as Margaret Watkins made it seem. About 9,000 district nurses cover more than ninety-eight per cent of Great Britain; and their work varies with the area they serve.

Sheep Dog Led the Way

In cities and towns they may be confined to bedside nursing. But in rural areas—like Nurse Watkins's—midwifery, general nursing and often health visiting and school and clinic work make up the total chore.

Many districts have no doctor and then anything can happen.

After the terrific snowstorm of March 7 two years ago, Nurse Watkins received a call to attend a premature birth at a farm three miles away.

The only way to travel was on foot, and every yard was uphill going in deep snow. Once, when the drifts seemed too mountainous, the farmer who escorted her had to use a sheep dog to guide them.

Fortunately, they arrived on time, but the wind kept howling in from the angry sea and Nurse was marooned in the cottage with the mother and her premature baby for three days.

There is no doctor in the district—the nearest is in Milford Haven—but Nurse sends for one whenever she feels he should be on hand.

On more than one occasion, however, she has had to act before the doctor arrived. Each time she has managed to save her patient. These happened to be childbirth cases with complications. But the woman with the little black bag likes midwifery best of all. "There is that wonderful feeling that you've accomplished something really important. And it helps balance the sad cases: the incurable cancers and such."

Has to Improvise

When I asked Miss Watkins what made her decide to go in for the work, she looked at me seriously. "My mother died for want of a district nurse," she said. "That's what convinced me of the need."

As a young trainee, she was told not to be afraid to improvise when the need arose or to use her common sense.

She has put that teaching into practice by turning chairs up on end in the bed as bed rests; by using ordinary



Nurse Watkins in the sickroom. Her black bag is byword in the village

brown paper for rubberized sheets and jam jars for dressing-bowls. And actual field experience has taught her many things the schools never get around to.

Older folks, for example, who are chronically bedridden, are notoriously stubborn. They are inclined to permit no one to touch them or help them in any way. Nurse Watkins—by using horse-sense psychology—learned how to handle that situation early in her career.

"On my first visit I just drop in to say hallo and sit for a while," she explains. "I get to know the patient and make him feel easy in my presence. But unless urgent treatment is indicated I do nothing for him at all. I let him get as uncomfortable and cantankerous as he can. Then, next day, I visit again and bathe him, make the bed and so on. After that he just can't wait for Nurse to arrive. It's very simple, you see."

Second Opinion

This ability to get along smoothly with all and sundry makes Miss Watkins something of an idol with the people of her parishes. When one of them is ill enough to require a doctor he immediately sends for Nurse after the examination and treatment to be assured that the professional man "knows what he is doing and has done the right thing."

Her place in the community is not bounded by her nursing. She teaches in the Baptist Church Sunday School at nearby Broad Haven ("Teaching children I have brought into the world is a unique and satisfying experience") and is on the Parish Council.

"I helped to bring electricity into the parish, and now I'm fighting for improvement of sanitation," she declares militantly.

Ask her if she minds the loneliness of being in an isolated country area and Nurse will give you a long look.

"Loneliness?" she asks. "I don't know what you mean. Nobody knows real friendship until he has lived in the country."

Then she tells of one of her cases, when every member of a farm family—father, mother and five children—went down with flu at the same time. The situation looked desperate until the neighbours came to the rescue.

It was the lambing season and one farmer came round early in the morning

to open up the house, see to the fire, check on the new-born lambs and feed the other stock. As he left, the postmistress took over, preparing breakfast and tidying up a bit before she had to leave to attend to the mail.

By this time Nurse had turned up to cook the midday meal and see to the general welfare of the patients. ("Most important item was to leave sufficient drinks beside their beds so that they could help themselves—barley water and so on—because lots of liquids are needed for flu.") Another neighbour relieved her, and so it went on until Nurse came round to pay a last visit and lock up at ten thirty each night. The entire family recovered.

"That," says Margaret Mary Watkins, "is the way we do it in the country. Lonely, did you say?"

Though Nurse started her rounds on a bicycle twenty-seven years ago, she graduated to a motor bike later and, in 1937, became the owner of a tiny car. This was bought with the aid of grants from the Pembrokeshire County Council and the local Nursing Association plus £60 out of her own pocket. The doctors of Milford Haven heard what was going on and hastened to show their appreciation for the work she has spared them by adding to the kitty.

"The car has made a great difference," she declares, "but we don't get enough petrol to do our job properly."

Tributes—in Kind

She says this more in sorrow than in anger, for she feels that district nursing is a hard but full and healthy life. Her pay has risen from £150 at the beginning to £425 now and her farmer friends never forget her when there's anything extra going around. If they've been fishing they send her fish. If eggs are plentiful, it's eggs. Or perhaps a fat chicken.

On the broader picture she has no complaints to register at all. "District nursing at one time was the Cinderella of the profession. Now we are the great social workers. Under the new Health Act we've come into our own."

"As for me, I have my own home, my own job and I live my own life." Nurse Watkins thinks about that for a moment, remembering back, perhaps, over her years of experience. Then she adds: "Could anyone want more?"



"Ready, Beako?" said Ritherdon, bending down to expose a generous expanse of curvature. "Certainly, Puggles," said Parrott gripping the cane

The seat of justice

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

IF I WERE ASKED which of all our great public schools turns out men of the most remarkable calibre, I would unhesitatingly award the honour to Dymforth.

The products of this college on the Sussex Downs are known as Dominicans, owing to a traditional connection with a Dominican Friary in the Middle Ages. To generalize cautiously, they are all the same in that they are all completely different. In the Army, they are either colonels or privates; nothing in between.

The distinguishing qualities of these men, it has always seemed to me, are a pleasing physical clumsiness, an incapacity for being surprised by anything, a certain ruthlessness combined with a poetic sensitivity, impudence, and charm. To this list should be added—perhaps most important of all—a fanatical sense of justice.

In a word, Dymforth boys embrace

what we like to think are the most useful and acceptable qualities of Englishmen the world over.

It comes as a shock, therefore, to learn that there is one spot on this earth where the name of Dymforth College stinks. At the mere mention of it, voices break off in mid-syllable, and people around you withdraw, as it were, the hems of their garments.

That spot is the Solarium Bar of the Airways Hotel at Horta, in the Azores; and the cause of it all is a bamboo stick about four feet long and three-sixteenths of an inch thick.

Everybody who has ever flown by Clipper between Europe and the Americas knows the Solarium Bar. Your flying boat touches down off Fayal for anything from forty minutes to two hours.

You can, if you like, stroll around the town looking at muleteers in hoods and capes, at crooked streets, pineapples and flaming hydrangeas; but it is more

probable that you will prefer the bar, where you may mingle with international celebrities. It is the focal point of all movement between two continents. I have seen there, at the same time, the ex-Empress Zita of Austria, Mr. William C. Bullitt, Noel Coward, Madeleine Carroll, Sacha Guitry and Mme Schiaparelli.

Such is the Solarium Bar.

The bamboo cane has been preserved as a relic for all to see. It hangs horizontally from the wall above the cocktail counter, and Armindo, the bartender points to it whenever the British character comes up for discussion. Mostly the subject is introduced by Armindo himself.

"The English," he whispers, "is a terrible cruel pippie. Such brutality I never saw. Right here in my bar, Señor. Myself I seen it."

"What, Armindo?" you ask.

"Señor, I seen one Englishman beating

another Englishman with a stick. Is that stick up there, Señor. Wheesh, wheesh, crack! Seven times he strike him on the fundament with this stick. And all the time he is laughing, Señor, like a maniac; but *keeling* himself with laughs! Such a *sadismo* I cannot imagine, not even in concentration camps!"

"But surely there must be some explanation—" you begin defensively, if you are English. "Perhaps it was a fight?"

"No, Señor. No fight. The other Englishman have no weapons. Is not fairplay, is not chivalry, Señor. In my bar this happen. I want to call the police, but after seven strokes of the fundament they both go away. I do not understand."

"Maybe they were drunk?"

Armindo shrugs, droops his mouth at the corners. "A leetle. But this does not excuse. I am so shocked, Señor. I keep this cane in my bar since then to

The scandal of the Solarium Bar was something far beyond the understanding of Armindo, the bartender. To appreciate the affair one had to know the Dymforth school motto

remind me all my life of English *sadismo*. Is all the same in your country!" he flares. "Thrashing of leetle children, hanging of criminals—"

"Oh, come, Armindo," you say, if you are English. "It isn't really like that, you know."

Armindo shakes his head doubtfully. "Is barbaric pippie, English. Maybe you don't believe me, Señor; but this gentleman who is beaten on the fundament is a very high official in your government!"

Armindo mentioned a name which I positively dare not quote here. Let us refer to him in future as Sir Evelyn Ritherdon.

At the time of which Armindo was speaking, autumn, 1940, Ritherdon was in charge of a trade mission to Latin America. Every time I passed through Horta (and I did so three or four times a year during the war) Armindo told me this story of the cane all over again. It seemed so very silly that I attached no importance to it until, early in 1945, I found myself on Ritherdon's personal staff.

I got to know him fairly well, and one day, in a moment of relaxation, I tackled him about Armindo's scandalous story. Ritherdon burst into a great bellow of laughter. He was a large man and his mirth shook the lofty ceiling of the Ministry. It must have been audible all the way down Whitehall.

"Dear old Armindo!" he roared. "He's never forgiven us for that little incident. I've tried to explain it to him a dozen times, but it's no good. He just doesn't catch on."

What follows is based on Ritherdon's account of the affair, which now appears in a very different light.

ON an autumn day in 1940, as often happens, two Clippers touched down at Horta almost simultaneously. One, containing Evelyn Ritherdon and the top members of his mission, was outward bound from Lisbon to Bahia. The other, homeward bound from Bahia to Lisbon, included among its less distinguished passengers a Mr. James Parrott.

Parrott had been selling water softeners in Paraguay for the past nine years. As soon as war broke out, being both patriotic and very tired of water softeners, he had volunteered for the Army.

He was now proceeding with the utmost expedition to the War Office, which had discovered that he spoke Spanish and Portuguese with more than usual fluency. They had an Intelligence job in Iceland all lined up for him.

The two men, Parrott and Ritherdon, were very different to look at as they entered the bar of the Airways Hotel. Ritherdon, like a sleek elephant, his cheeks a little flushed by good living, his lumbering movements replete with careless self-confidence. Parrott wiry and slim, his forehead a little harassed, his movements jerky, his cuffs and trouser legs a mite too short, and his sun-dried skin yellowish and stretched tight across high cheekbones.

Men from different worlds, you would have said.

They had but one thing in common: they had been educated at the same school. They were both Dominicans.

Ritherdon made the first move. Eyes popping with excitement, he saw Parrott's reflection in a mirror, and spun round from the bar, where he had just ordered a whisky. He gasped: "Surely it can't be—Beako?"

Parrott stared back at him. "Why,

yes—but. . . . Good God—Puggles Ritherdon!"

"My dear old boy, this is *wonderful*!"

"Absolutely *grand* to see you!"

"Must be years and years and years—"

"Oh, twenty years at least—"

"You haven't changed a bit!"

"You old liar, I've been putting on weight like a prize hog—"

THIS sort of thing went on for about four minutes, while a group of curious international onlookers collected round the two men. It was an emotional scene. There are brief moments in life when we love our fellow men so much that our hearts seem to be overflowing with warm treacle. At such times we would be willing to lend our toothbrush to a perfect stranger. This was such a moment. Ritherdon and Parrott were breathless with delight. They fell upon each other's necks (and what delicate necks they were!) in full view of everybody.

Arms flung about shoulders, they moved towards the bar counter, bent on a little serious drinking.

They had seventy minutes of reunion before them. They filled in the years that had elapsed since their last meeting, which had been on an escalator at Oxford Circus. They referred affectionately but briefly to their wives and families. Ritherdon's two sons were both, of course, at Dymforth. Parrott's daughter was in her fourth term at a school near Worthing, where she was doing awfully well in the junior netball team.

A résumé of illnesses and operations undergone by various members of the Parrott and Ritherdon families brought these domestic bulletins to a close.

The conversation drifted naturally back to the old school.

"God, I'll never forget the night when Porky Metcalf turned out the gas in the Chemmy Lab!" Ritherdon chuckled. "Dear old Porky, I wonder what became of him?"

"And that awful little snurge Winsbury!" Parrott contributed.

"The one with sticking-out teeth?"

"That's it. Used to play the oboe!"

"The oboe!" For some reason this subtle musical instrument struck the two Dominicans as hysterically funny. They laughed themselves into a state of tearful weakness.

"He used to pronounce it—" Parrott gulped; "Oo-boo!"

"Ooo-booo!" Ritherdon sobbed.

"Oooo-boooo!"

"And Mumps Burbage," Parrott gasped. "Remember how he tried to take his temperature with a slide-rule?"

"Old Mumps!" Ritherdon said.

"Never knew such a complete gooff! And damme if they didn't make him captain of the school in my last term!"

"That's an easy one," Parrott grimaced. "He was the provost's nephew." He gave a creditable imitation of the provost's speech on founder's day. There were fresh transports of mirth.

"What about that odd creature Skellett-Molesworth? Used to eat sardines dipped in condensed milk."

"Oh, Lord, didn't you hear? He became bishop of a lot of islands in the South Atlantic," Parrott said. "Signs his letters 'Alfred The Antipodes.'"

"Alfred The Antipodes!" Ritherdon yelled. "It's *too* lovely!"

Exhausted with laughter, they turned to soberer things.

"What happened to you after I left,

Beako? It must have been—let me see—I joined the R.F.C. in 1915, so I must have left Dymmers in the summer of '13—"

"Oh, I messed about, trying for an open schol. to Pothouse," Parrott murmured. With three whiskies in him he had become strangely subdued.

"But they made you a pre., didn't they?"

"No," Parrott murmured. "No, I wasn't a prefect, Puggles. I'm afraid I wouldn't have been a very good disciplinarian."

"Oh, dash it," Ritherdon stared. "They made *me* a pre., and heaven knows I wasn't much of a hand at beating kids."

"Weren't you, Puggles?" Parrott asked quietly.

"Good Lord, no. Too soft-hearted by half. Almost blubbed myself when I had to beat someone."

"Are you sure of that, Puggles?" There was an edge on Parrott's voice.

Ritherdon's mouth fell open. "Well, dash it—can you remember my ever giving anyone a proper beating?"

"Yes, Puggles, I can. You beat *me*."

"YOU?" Ritherdon was genuinely astonished; then, as a dart of memory pierced his brain, he flushed. "I say—do have another drink, old boy."

"Thanks," Parrott said in the same level tone. There was now cold bitterness in his eyes. "You gave me—*eleven strokes*, Puggles."

"Eleven? Why eleven? Why not a round dozen?"

"The cane broke on the eleventh stroke," Parrott said grimly.

"I say, did I really?" Ritherdon turned pink, and patted his large neck with a silk handkerchief. "I'm most awfully sorry, Beako. I'd no idea—"

"I've never forgotten it," Parrott went on. "It's the one thing in all my schooldays that I'll resent till I die."

This new passion in his voice was frightening. "I was only eighteen months your junior, and you gave me the biggest beating I ever had from anyone. It wasn't very dignified, you know. I was in the fifth at the time, and everybody knew about it."

"But what the devil had you done, Beako?"

"I'd cut house net practice twice because I wanted to go butterfly hunting," Parrott said sulkily.

"Well, it was a crime, wasn't it? You had to be punished for it, didn't you? Was it my fault that I—?"

"It wasn't worth eleven strokes," Parrott snapped. "It was worth four at most. It gave me a feeling of injustice that has remained with me all my life. I didn't tell you, but it always rankled. Sometimes I wonder if it didn't cause my inferiority complex."

RITHERDON was agitated. "Old man, I never dreamed—I mean, no malice, nothing personal, and all that—but you know what one's like when one's just been made a prefect—dash it, we're all pretty heartless at that age—"

"It wasn't fair," Parrott said doggedly.

"My dear chap, if there were anything I could do—it's all such old history now—"

"It isn't to *me*." All the joy of reunion had died in Parrott's face. "In fact, Puggles—I know it's a damned unchristian thing, but I've often thought I'd be a much happier man if I could give you eleven strokes."

"Not eleven," Ritherdon said quickly.

"Only seven. You admitted your crime was worth four, remember."

"It's too late now, anyway," Parrott muttered irritably. He stifled a hiccup and took a large sip of his whisky.

Ritherdon then did a thing which revealed, at one and the same time, his own greatness and that of the Dymforth tradition. "It is *not* too late," he said. "Beako, I want to say how much I appreciate your frankness in bringing this matter up."

"Oh, that's all right, Puggles."

"It's *not* all right, Beako," Ritherdon said very solemnly. "I am, I hope, incapable of conniving at injustice to man or beast, and I know that you are, too. You're a decent chap, Beako."

Parrott flushed with pleasure. "You're a pretty good sort yourself, Puggles."

"That's where you're wrong, my dear fellow," Ritherdon was enunciating his words very carefully now. He laid a trembling hand on Parrott's shoulder. "I've done you a very great injury, Beako. And I'm going to make up to you for it."

"Oh, it doesn't really matter, Puggles."

"It matters a *lot*," Ritherdon snorted. "Apologies are not enough."

"It isn't the principle I object to, Puggles, I just thought that eleven was a bit too thick."

"*Much* too thick," Ritherdon barked.

"You shall have full satisfaction, Beako," He leaned across the counter to Armindo. "Pardon me, but have you such a thing as a cane?"

"A cane, Señor?"

"Just an ordinary sort of stick. Swishy and not too heavy. That one would do," Ritherdon pointed to a bamboo cane, with which Armindo had propped open the fanlight above the sandwich counter.

"As you wish, Señor."

ARMINDO handed it over, looking very worried. Ritherdon stood back and cleared a small space in front of the bar. He was admirably steady on his feet. He swished the cane through the air. It made a wicked sound.

"What d'you think, Beako?"

"Looks fine to me, Puggles."

"Right, Beako. Let's get it over. Excuse me, please," Ritherdon calmly pushed the drinkers, men and women alike, back a few feet from the counter. "My friend and I have a little affair of honour to settle. We shall not inconvenience you for more than a few seconds. Ready, Beako?"

"Certainly, Puggles."

Puffing a little with the unaccustomed exertion, Ritherdon bent down and tried to touch his toes. He had, we have seen, grown considerably broader since his schooldays, more than a quarter of a century ago; and the expanse of curvature thus exposed must have given Parrott as generous a target as he could have wished for.

Shooting his cuffs, protruding his tongue, and recoiling with great agility, Parrott delivered his first cut. It was a vicious one, and Ritherdon was unable to suppress a grunt of pain. Parrott flexed his muscles and raised the cane again. Suddenly he began to laugh.

"Come on, Beako," Ritherdon panted. "We haven't got all day."

The sight of Ritherdon's reddening face twisting round to urge him on to fresh efforts, seen in foreshortened perspective behind the tightly packed hemispheroid of Ritherdon's trousers, was altogether too much for Parrott. His right arm wavered. His whole body began to shake with silent laughter.

"Oh," Puggles! he gasped. "Oh, my dear Puggles!"

"For heaven's sake, Beako!" Ritherdon's voice became testy. "Get on with it, man!"

Parrott managed to deliver three more

strokes, but they were feeble ones. He was almost helpless with mirth. "Oh, Puggles, if only you could see yourself now!"

"Is it necessary to keep me waiting like this, Beako? You might at least consider my position as a senior civil servant—"

"Your position!" Parrott choked. "It's your position that's so funny, Puggles. You'll never know how funny!" Summoning up all his muscular control, he dealt the remaining three cuts.

Ritherdon straightened up and smoothed himself down. Both men, suddenly self-conscious, broke into foolish grins, and clapped each other on the back.

"Well, Beako? How do you feel now?"

"A lot better, Puggles." Parrott's chest expanded. "Sort of free and light as a feather."

"Paid in full, eh?"

"That's right, Puggles. Tell you what—I'll give you a receipt."

PARROTT took a sheet of hotel note-paper, scribbled a few words on it and affixed a twopenny stamp. Both men signed it. Ritherdon folded the document, sealed it in an envelope and presented it solemnly to Armindo the bartender.

"Keep it," he ordered, "in a safe place. My friend and I will demand to see it whenever we are passing through the Azores."

Even as he spoke, the warning bell rang.

"That's my plane," Ritherdon said. "You'll come and see me off, Beako?"

"Delighted, old man. I say, talking of Porky Metcalf, did they ever find out who—?" The two men disappeared, arm in arm, through the plate-glass doors.

Armindo showed me the receipt when I stopped off at Horta a few weeks ago. Explanations are useless. Armindo firmly believes that Dymforth is a house of correction in which the prisoners are made to flog one another to death.

The receipt bears the words "Paid With Thanks," the two signatures over the stamp, and the phrase *Ut tu mihi, sic ego tibi*.

Scholars tell me that this is dog-Latin, meaning "As you treat me, so I treat you." Spiteful people have been known to paraphrase it "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours"; but I prefer the former version.

It is, of course, the school motto of Dymforth, and it strengthens my conviction that there is, after all, something in the public school system.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

People Who Matter

TO be of consequence in the world is a natural ambition. I would say that any man who can be relied on and who is known to be trustworthy is already of consequence.

Reliability means that when a man says he knows a thing, he does know it: and that when he says he can do a thing, he can and does do it.

On that foundation anyone can rise to some degree of greatness in the eyes of others.

I'll tell you a secret. A "great" man is really only the common man at his best.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



The Berneys' customers. "They like a picture with guts in it"

Small-cinema owner studies the family

by ORMUS DAVENPORT

He knows the films a family likes; he knows a married couple when he sees one. But just now he's a worried man

ALF AND DAVE BERNEY are men with an international outlook these days. They view with alarm the lack of Anglo-American agreement on one specific branch of trade. They await with trepidation the problems which will engulf them on April 1.

For Alf and Dave are small independent cinema proprietors. Their cinema is the Coliseum, in London's Harrow Road. And Alf, Dave and the "Colli" itself look like having a harassing time when the upper millstone of Britain's new film quota and the nether millstone of Hollywood's reprisals to it start grinding in opposite directions.

The Board of Trade quota, announced last October, says that every cinema in this country must show forty-five British films for each fifty-five American ones. The American film industry, through Eric Johnston, retaliated with a ruling that, in double feature houses, each American film must be shown with another American film; so that audiences may now see either solid American programmes or solid British ones.

These rulings have put the Berneys on a spot. "Our customers like a picture with guts in it," says Alf. "Box office is where the answer is, and for us the

answer is the rough-and-tumble American film. I'm sorry to have to say it, because I like the good British film as much as anyone, but the customers at the Colli don't feel the same way about it."

Alf is a short, wiry man in his late forties, with sharp blue eyes and a quick manner of speech.

He gets to the cinema most mornings about ten and seldom leaves before ten or ten thirty at night. When he arrives, he must see that everything is in order for the day.

L.C.C. regulations require all windows and doors open and all curtains drawn each morning before the first show begins at 1.30 p.m. Seats must be examined and the damaged ones repaired or replaced.

Damage to Seats

The cinema seats 800 people and the number of upholstered seats wantonly damaged can rise to as many as 100 a week.

Half a dozen charwomen are employed to vacuum clean the hall every day. Special germicidal sprays are used on curtains, upholstery and rugs four or five times a week.

All locks and panic bolts must be checked and all exits freed from chains. The padlocks and keys must be in order on the keyboard in the manager's tiny

office. The ten fire buckets and the two hydrant hoses are checked, and Alf or Dave must sign an inspection book for each item examined each day. L.C.C. inspectors look the book over at irregular intervals.

The Colli is staffed by a cashier, four usherettes and four male attendants. Upstairs, in the projection room, a chief and three projectionists keep the machinery in working order.

The prices are one shilling and one and six. Out of that comes 3½d. and 7½d. respectively for entertainment tax. Until the tax went up recently, the prices were ninepence and one and three.

Being Squeezed Out

"The independent house is being squeezed out of existence today," says Alf. "Overheads are up, wages are up, the cost of the films is up, the cost of licences is up, and an annual fee must be paid to the Performing Rights Society for the music which is a part of a show. Our wages are quite a bit higher than the union rates call for, and our profits are darned slim. We simply cannot afford a drop in box office over a sustained period."

Alf must keep abreast of the films available to him and follow the trade showings. He goes to trade shows once or twice a week, and often sends or takes his wife to get a woman's reaction.

"We plan six months ahead," Alf explains.

The audiences at the Colli are mainly composed of working-class families whose budgets will not allow them too many visits to the big circuit houses. Nevertheless, Alf estimates that some fifty per cent of a full house can afford the higher priced show when his own programmes do not appeal.

"It's difficult to satisfy everyone. We try to balance our programmes to please the whole family." A fair sample might look like this: a rough-tough one for father (*Badlands of Dakota*, with Ann Rutherford and Robert Stack), a slick, light one for mum (Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan in *Top Man*), a funny short for everyone with Laurel and Hardy, and a Walt Disney colour cartoon for the kids.

When asked about the goey-eyed young people who occupy the back row with their heads together and hands entwined, Alf grows philosophical.

"I've watched them come in as sweethearts and buy tickets for the best seats," he chuckles. "Then a few years will pass and I'll see them come in as man and wife, with a child or two tagging along, and somehow they never bother with the back seats any more. Even without the children, I can always tell when one of our regular couples has passed the honeymoon stage."

Pays More for British

But the chuckle does not last long. Alf's brow is soon furrowed again as he returns to the problem of April and after: the forty-five per cent quota and the ban on Anglo-American double bills.

The good British films are run in the local circuit houses and do not reach Alf until much later. When they do, he is liable to have to pay forty per cent of the gross takings (after deduction of tax) for them, as against twenty-five or thirty-three per cent for American pictures.

"If we can run an American film with a British film, we can get enough of an audience to pay the premium for the British film. But when we run two British pictures, both of which we have to pay more to get, we almost invariably lose money."

Alf believes the quota should be relaxed for the small cinemas. "Either that," he says, "or get the cost of British films to the shilling houses down to the point which will make them a commercial proposition."

It costs £3 a stroke

by JOHN HERBERT

Rowing the Boat Race burns up more calories than any other sport. It burns a large hole, too, in boat clubs' pockets

MOST DAYS AROUND NOON you will find George Sims in the "Blue Anchor," just above Hammersmith Bridge, enjoying a lunch-time pint. The rest of the day, he will be at the Rutland Boathouse. In February or early March that means work on the Varsity Boat.

George began to learn the trade in 1901, but the name of Sims has been in racing boats for more than a century. In 1937, George started up on his own, here at Hammersmith, and in that year built his first winning boat—for Oxford. This year he has been building Oxford another; Cambridge is trusting to the one he built last year.

An "eight" must have the necessary stiffness to send it through the water smoothly without the loss of any momentum. Owing to the considerable length in proportion to width (each boat is 62½ ft. long, with a maximum beam of 24 in.) and the continual buffeting of the waves, the construction may slacken. A new boat gives a crew every chance.

Though George says that "few lads can be bothered to undertake a six years' apprenticeship these days," he and others like him export boats to U.S.A., Canada, Scandinavia, Holland and Czechoslovakia. With consummate skill and care, "Sims and his six" fit together the delicate skeleton, with its inwales, cross-placings and ribs, and then clothe it in its suit of British Honduras cedar. Each boat is built to suit its crew and, once the weights of the individual members are known, it is only three weeks before the last coat of varnish is dry.

Final Tuning-up

A fortnight before the race, both university crews leave their quiet home-waters and take to the tideway. Here they try out their boats and get George to give them a final tuning up.

The first boat George helped to build cost £60. Now a new boat costs £255, a large hole in the pockets of the university boat clubs. Since it is impossible to collect gate money for the Boat Race, both clubs are dependent on grants from their combined athletic committees, which draw their finances from the takings at rugby, soccer, cricket and boxing matches.

Usually the grant from the committee

has to be augmented by contributions from the crew, as much as £15 or £20 from each member. By the time the eights reach Mortlake, at the end of the course, each stroke will have cost each boat club £3 a time.

Training begins in January, when every afternoon the trial eights go out on the Cam and Isis. But there is no let-up on academic studies, since today those who fail in their examinations can no longer be granted an extra term's residence to make up for lost time.

Gift Parcels and Venison

Every man in the running for a place in the boat guards his diet from the first day of term. Before the war there was always a special rowing table in each college hall, where three-course breakfasts of porridge, fish, and eggs and bacon were served; and at night there were extra steaks.

Today such body-building is impossible, and doctors say it is surprising that sufficient energy and strength can be generated by our present rations, for rowing demands more calories per minute than any other sport. In fact, of course, the crews do manage to get additional food from various sources.

A. D. Rowe, president of the Oxford University Boat Club, tells me his crew relies, and rows, principally on Australian gift parcels and venison presented by Old Blues with large estates. To this they add an occasional bottle of champagne and a fairly regular two pints of beer before bedtime at ten o'clock.

No boat has ever worked as hard as that of Oxford this year, averaging fifty miles a week while on the Isis. With a heavier crew than last year, and four Old Blues, Oxford has ignored the critics' mutterings of "over-training" and believes its chances are the best since the war.

Cambridge can afford to be confident, too, with fifty-four wins to its credit against Oxford's forty-five, and led by

its president, Paul Bircher, a member of last year's crew which rowed the record time of seventeen minutes fifty seconds.

The first Boat Race was rowed at Henley. The Putney to Mortlake course was first used in 1856. And for many years the race attracted only those associated with the universities or with rowing. But by the turn of the century the Boat Race had become an institution as popular as the Lord Mayor's Show. Lords and landladies wore the same coloured favours and acquired a sudden expert knowledge of aquatic sports.

Neither Glasgow's Hampden Park nor London's Lord's could pack the Boat Race crowds of upwards of 100,000 in its stand. The popular appeal is curious, for most of us have no particular bond with the universities; odd half-crowns are won or lost by the hundred, but there is no organized betting; comparatively few of us have ever raised a blister with an oar.

Nevertheless, it remains a date marked in the diaries not only of Londoners and university men but also of people throughout the country and even abroad. Every year the crews receive letters from the Continent asking for autographs, and sometimes even dates: "at the end of Putney Bridge after the race."

It's a Family Treat

Boat Race Day has become a traditional outing for the family. What with the Punch and Judy shows, the tub-thumpers, the bands and the crowds intent upon enjoying themselves, Putney before the start is as gay and exciting as Epsom Downs before the Derby.

The perfect vantage point used to be Hammersmith Bridge, but so many people crowded it in the past that it is now closed a few minutes before the race for fear it should collapse. So the wise ones make for Chiswick Reach, where the riverside buildings compete with the boats for interest: Lower Mall, with its

boathouses and doodlebug-devastated but unbeaten Sailing Club; Hammersmith's modern town hall contrasting with the three-centuries-old Doves Tavern; Kelmscott House, once the home of William Morris; off Upper Mall, the Stork Training Ship, soon to leave for the breaker's yard; and so past Hammersmith Terrace and the Eyot to Chiswick Mall and Corney Reach.

The eights are heralded by the roar of the crowd rippling along the river bank. With every stroke each toothpick bow rises up as if the straining crew hopes to propel its craft into the air. After the eights, in line abreast, come the motor launches of the umpire, the two universities, the Port of London Authority, the police, the Press and the B.B.C.

Must Keep Well Clear

These must all maintain the station assigned them by Commander Coleman, Harbourmaster of the Port of London. If they have favourites and wish to urge them on, they must stay well clear, for after last year's race a highly technical correspondence in the papers showed that the nearer the launches approach to the crews the more likely they are to draw them backward.

Precautions, too, have been taken to avoid any repetition of last year's unusual diversion: half the representatives of Fleet Street were thrown into the water when their launch was overturned by one of the four accompanying pleasure steamers.

Whether further precautions will also be necessary to prevent the traditional upsets in London's West End when the race is over seems doubtful. Boat Race Night scenes reached their climax in 1937, when the door of a theatre box was dropped into the orchestra and landed on the big drum.

There are probably not enough calories even in Australian gift parcels and haunches of venison to produce such vigorous high-jinks today.



Cambridge's D. M. Jennens (right) and D. V. Odhams in trial row. There's little energy left for high-jinks these days

BIG GAME'S FORTY WIVES

THE GRASS IS SWEET where Big Game stops to crop at the tufts growing by the side of the drive. To the left a wide field slopes away. In it are Lionelle, Annetta, Fair W.A.A.F., Pukwana, Fair Profit and the lovely, inimitable Sun Chariot—a few of Big Game's last year's wives, now waiting to foal the hot tips of 1951.

They ignore Big Game. He ignores them. At the moment he is pre-occupied with his latest wives, forty of the flightiest, and they take up most of his time.

He walks on, out of the gates of the National Stud, for his constitutional along the verdant Dorset lanes near Gillingham. A farmer leans over a stile and calls out as groom and stallion go by. "How be the Leading Sire, Jack?"

"Oh, 'tis grand form he's in this morning," says Jack Kavanagh, the groom.

"And is he going to sire anything fast enough to touch them Frenchy thoroughbreds?"

"Begor!" Jack Kavanagh tells him. "You can bet your breeches on Big Game—a greater horse never came out of Ireland!"

The farmer smiles at the irony of our pre-eminent stallion, the property of the nation, being an Irishman; but Big Game's links with England go back much further than his date of birth.

In 1914 Mr. Hall-Walker, later to become Lord Wavertree, wrote to the Government offering the complete blood-stock contents of Tully Stud, Co. Kildare, on condition that we also took over the racing stables at Russley, in Wiltshire, at an agreed valuation.

Last-minute Telegram

With the matter of a world war on its mind, the Board of Agriculture declined the offer, and consequently Mr. Hall-Walker entered all the thoroughbreds at the Newmarket December Sales in 1915. A few hours before the sale was about to begin, the Board of Agriculture wired accepting the blood-stock and properties.

The Tully Stud stock, consisting of two stallions, thirty brood mares, thirty yearlings and foals and some horses in training, were bought by the British Government for £74,000, and for another £65,000 the property at Tully and Russley passed over to the nation.

For nearly thirty years little was heard of Britain's National Stud, tucked away in Ireland, though more than 350 horses were bred there, to be sold at auctions for nearly half a million pounds.

Then, ten years ago, the National Stud adopted a new policy. A number of juveniles were put into training instead of being sold, and among these were a colt and a filly that were leased to the King and dispatched to Fred Darling's Beckhampton stable. The colt was by Bahram out of Myrobella, the filly by Hyperion out of Clarence. The King named them Big Game and Sun Chariot. They gave him his remarkable successes on the Turf in 1942. Big Game won him the Two Thousand Guineas, and Sun Chariot the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger.

That year the King headed the list of winning owners—the first reigning monarch ever to do this—with £10,536 in stake money to his credit.

One condition of the lease was that both horses returned to the National Stud at the finish of their racing careers; but they did not go back to Tully. The stud had since been transferred to Lord Furness's stud, Gillingham, Dorset. Here Sun Chariot and Big Game began the second phase of their careers, she

His name may be on the racecard, but not as a runner. Behind the scenes he is very important, and in the circumstances he can be forgiven his odd private life

John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp



Leading Sire Big Game: can he and others reclaim Turf lead?

as one of twenty-five famous brood mares, and he as the resident stallion of the National Stud.

It took six years for Big Game's children to be racing as two-, three- and four-year-olds; and that was as long as it took him to become Britain's Leading Sire of the year, when twenty-six of his offspring won forty-three races and £40,541 15s. in stake money. Breeders can't remember another stallion who achieved this at the age of ten.

Since Big Game belongs to the nation he is technically at the service of Britain's 600 breeders and their 8,000 mares, ranging in value from £18,000 down to £20. But, conforming to the custom of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, he may only serve forty. About six of these nominations are reserved for the National Stud's own brood mares. The remainder are by ballot.

Owners send in details of their mares,

with veterinary certificates to show these are free from infection and are likely to breed. The list is examined by a Committee of Scrutineers. The names of the qualifying mares go into a hat, and the hat goes to Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, to perform the impressive little ceremony of picking the remainder of Big Game's forty fortunate wives.

These arrive at Gillingham a short while before they are about to produce a foal from the previous season. They are boarded and lodged for £3 a week at the National Stud, where they foal. Nine days later, when the foal is still wobbly, all legs and ears, its mother is ready for the attentions of the Leading Sire.

During the covering season between February 14 and June 14, Big Game gets his first feed at 7 a.m.—six pounds of crushed oats and an armful of hay. From eight till ten he is exercised—

led, not ridden, along the lanes, down and up the waving fields, trotting sometimes, occasionally rolling in the mud, or snipping at grassy banks powdered with wild spring flowers.

He is a great, easy-going lover of the good life. Nothing flurries him. If there's a noise over a hedge like a tractor, says Jack Kavanagh, Big Game will want to put his head over the top and find out what it is. In his training days, Fred Darling tells of how he always looked sleepy and doped—until he was given the bit and shot forward as though jet propelled.

At ten o'clock Big Game has his first date of the day.

Higher-income Bracket

From 10.30 a.m. until twelve noon, he is fed again, then he relaxes until the next exercise from three to four. At four he meets his second mare. He is fed again in the evening, and when necessary he meets a third mare before being led into his box and left there for the night with an armful of hay. The routine seldom changes. Big Game works Sundays.

His winter coat is never groomed, except for an occasional mane and tail brush; he's allowed to wear his dirt and grease to keep warm.

His personal living expenses run to about £500 a year, which means that he earns a clear £9,500: his fee in respect of each of the forty mares is £250.

In the office of Peter Burrell, manager of the National Stud, there is an elaborate chart in blue and red ink showing Big Game's activity over the season. Mares are covered at three-weekly intervals, until they are found to be in foal and are sent home to produce in time the yearlings that will average 8,000 guineas at the Newmarket sales. But too often the mare stays the four months, and is returned at the end of the season without hope of a happy event.

According to the last statistical return, ten mares went home from the National Stud barren—a loss to their owners of £2,500 in stud fees, to say nothing of their keep.

And in the same season thirty-one of Britain's foremost sires returned 289 barren mares, and that loss in stud fees alone was over £100,000. This is but a fraction of the total loss sustained by our thoroughbred breeders, particularly when you consider that barely four per cent of the horses bred for racing ever win a race.

Compared with other horses, racehorses have a low fertility percentage. Dr. J. A. Burkhardt, Infertility Specialist of the Equine Research Station, Newmarket, explains why:

"The conformation of the racehorse, which is bred for speed, has brought about a change in position of some of the reproductive organs. This renders racehorses liable to breeding disorders."

No Artificial Insemination

The Jockey Club won't allow artificial insemination. And to make things more difficult for breeding, a racehorse is reckoned as a year old on the first day of January following its birth. So if foals are to be given a fair chance racing, it is necessary to stop mating in June and lose the two best months of the summer for warmth and natural feeding.

The Equine Research Station, which forms part of the Animal Health Trust, was established by voluntary subscription two years ago for the purpose of reducing breeding losses from disease and poor production. Mention of horses

by DENNIS HOLMAN

draws its secretary, Colonel George Barnett.

"To breed good horses and to win good races you must have good food," he emphasises. "The quality of our food today is low. We usually have to make do with third-quality oats and poor bran, while linseed is virtually unobtainable."

The last two Derbys and the last three Gold Cups have gone to France. Since 1946 French-bred horses have won the Jockey Club Cup twice, the Goodwood Cup twice, the Queen Alexandra Stakes three times, the Oaks once, the One Thousand Guineas once, the Two Thousand Guineas once, and the Coronation Cup three times. Last year their winnings in British stake money amounted to £149,049 15s.

Are the French breeding greater horses, or are they feeding them better? Can Big Game and other British sires give us back the lead on our own Turf? These are everybody's questions, for there's no doubt that we've taken a bad trouncing.

In the lounge of the Rutland Arms Hotel, Newmarket, some British breeders debate the subject. One agrees with George Barnett—it's the feeding. Another believes bad luck is climacteric. "We were down before," he says, "in 1870, and again after the first World War. But we picked up."

Speed at All Costs?

A third man says we've been breeding too much for speed, neglecting stamina; a fourth advocates that we should import more prominent stallions, pointing to the success of foreigners like Nearco, Bois Roussel, Donatella II. "We lack one of the most successful strains," he goes on, "and that's the Teddy strain, which has been responsible for some of the best French and American horses. We want to buy a good colt by Bulldog!"

And the fifth breeder says: "We're short of great stallions, like Hyperion. Big Game has yet to prove himself."

Back in Gillingham, Peter Burrell adds his contention that the French sires are more thoroughly tested. Because in England it is possible to syndicate great horses for fantastic sums that would diminish with each race they lost as four- and five-year-olds, many of our classic and Derby winners are hustled into stud duties before they are properly tried. Here, Burrell feels, is where the National Stud can step in to perform its primary function.

He explains: "Our policy is not to net a profit of thousands—though last year's sale of Blue Train and Howdah gave us a surplus of well over £50,000. Our policy is to raise the quality of the British thoroughbred so that he again becomes first in the world."

That used to be a traditional responsibility of the great English families of breeders, but how long will the big names of the Turf be able to hold out against taxation and death duties?

Derby winners are not bred in eleven months. It takes generations of selective breeding, mating the best with the best and hoping for the best. And this makes it quite impossible to assess the true value of the National Stud to the English Turf.

But what of Big Game? Is he the best the National Stud can get? Has he a reasonable chance of siring a Derby winner? His critics say "No, he hasn't the stamina." Burrell and others say, "Yes, if you give him a dam with stamina."

The one to decide, of course, will be Big Game, and Jack Kavanagh adds: "Good luck to him!"



As we questioned the stowaway, a woman came up to us. "The poor kid!" she said. "He's starving"

Pepe

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MITCHELL

Pepe Moreno the stowaway, was a kid with a big ambition. He knew where he was going and nothing could stop him getting there

HAVING NOTHING TO READ on a railway journey the other day, I began to explore remote corners of the newspaper. There must be an eager public, I sleepily supposed, for stock exchange prices, racing tips and football results, but I had never been a part of it.

Never, at least, until that evening, when I came to a short paragraph which jerked me upright in my seat.

I read it twice, then stared at the blank sheen of the darkened window, recalling vividly another journey, a long and lazy journey by sea, just twenty years ago. And recalling particularly an occasion, three days out from Barcelona on the homeward run. . . .

Three of us had remained in the little saloon, drinking a last whisky and soda. I was in an armchair facing what I now calculate to have been starboard; the captain and another passenger faced me.

Suddenly, and for no more than a second, I saw a strange face at the porthole. I have to confess that I realized nothing about it, except that it was a strange face. On this little cargo boat, with her half-dozen passengers, it had not taken us long to recognize every man aboard. All I knew of the face at the porthole was that it belonged to none of them.

That gave me an uncomfortable feel-

ing. It was as though someone had risen from the sea. How could there be a strange face at a porthole on a ship rolling down the Mediterranean? I said nothing to the other two men but went out on deck. And I was just in time to see someone, something, disappear into the shadows under a companionway.

I went back to the captain.

"You've got a stowaway on board," I said.

"Nonsense," returned the captain, but he followed me out on deck.

I flicked my lighter and held it down to look among the shadows. And I saw a pair of eyes blinking up at me.

"Come out," I said, and watched while a figure materialized.

It was a boy of seventeen in a dirty beret and dungarees. He had liquid blue eyes and was showing regular teeth in a shamefaced grin.

"Blasted nuisance," said the captain, understandably irritated at the thought of the formalities and trouble which his presence would entail. "Ask him when he came on board." The captain knew that I spoke Spanish.

"Barcelona," was the answer.

"Where's he been hiding?"

"In a lifeboat," was the reply I passed on.

"Suppose he's got at the stores," grumbled the captain.

At this point a woman passenger

emerged and lent sympathy to the situation—sympathy that was both feminine and practical.

"The poor kid," she said. "He's probably starving." And turning rather accusingly to me she told me to ask the boy if he were hungry. I scarcely needed to translate his reply, which was affirmative and emphatic. The woman passenger, ignoring the captain's irascibility and my indifference, went off to find a steward.

I told the boy to sit on the deck, and he squatted down against the bulkhead and began to watch our faces, as though he might discover his destiny.

"Where did you think you were going?" I asked.

"To England, señor."

"Tell him," said the captain, "that he will be handed over to the police at Cadiz."

I translated this. The big eyes stared blankly. There were no tearful appeals; there was no sign of fear. I felt that the stowaway's fate, now that he had failed, was a matter of little account to him. Police, prison, it was all one now. The point was that he had not succeeded in his attempt to reach England.

"Silly young ass," said the captain, but not without a certain kindness. "He might have known he could never make it. We get them every trip. Never leave Spain without searching for 'em. There's always a fuss with the police, too."

The stowaway listened avidly. Unable to understand a word, he had not failed to perceive that the captain's irritation was not very profound. And he

jumped to his feet when the woman passenger returned with a steward who carried a huge mug of hot tea and some thick bread and butter. She handed it to him.

"Leave him alone till he has had some food," she said to the captain. "You can see he's starving. Here you are now. Eat this."

But before he touched the food the stowaway showed her his hands which were black with grime, indicating that he could not use them for eating.

"The little pet!" said the woman passenger. "He won't eat till he has washed! What beautiful manners!" And to me she added peremptorily that I was to take him to the bathroom. The captain laughed.

Half an hour later, when he had washed, eaten and lit a cigarette, the boy told me that he was called Pepe Moreno.

"Why did you want to leave Spain?" I asked, half expecting some lurid story of persecution by the Government of Primo de Rivera, then in power.

"I wanted to get to England," he replied at once.

I was amused at this. Was he trying to please us?

"What for?" I asked severely. Before answering he looked round our faces. Then quite solemnly he made what still seems to me an extraordinary reply.

"I want to ride in the Grand National," he said. He pronounced it Gron Notonall, but there could be no doubt of what he meant. Still, I felt I should hear the statement repeated.

"You what?" I asked. Pepe remained quite calm.

"I want to ride in the Grand National," he said. The implication was that I was a trifle slow in not having guessed that this was his reason for stowing away.

"What does he say?" asked the captain.

"He wants to ride in the Grand National," I told them.

There was, of course, hearty laughter.

FOR the next two days Pepe worked in the galley. He was, said the cook, the best grafter they had had among stowaways. He peeled potatoes assiduously, and he washed dishes with a will. And when his work was done he sidled up to me on the well deck for a'd, accepted a cigarette, and talked in an easy man-to-man way.

It appeared that this was his third attempt to stow away on an English ship. The other two had ended as this had done, in discovery, and for one of them he had been sent to jail for three days.

"But I shall get to England," he said coolly.

I tried to explain that this was virtually an impossibility. Even if he escaped detection on board he would be caught leaving the ship. And even if he managed to get ashore it would not be long before he, a Spaniard unable to speak English, would be picked up, sent to prison, perhaps, and certainly returned to Spain.

For all these objections he had his formula.

"You see, I mean to ride in the Grand National. I have ridden in races in Spain. I am a good jockey. So I shall get to England and ride as I have said."

The candid eyes did not now watch me to see whether I was laughing at this. Pepe assumed that no one would laugh at such an understandable ambition. He had the unreality of youth. It just did not occur to him that what a boy had set out to do might not be achieved.

And I wondered whether this were not, after all, the thing which had given to men their few real triumphs over nature, over fact, over the omnipotence

of the commonplace. Had all the great leaders and discoverers said quietly to themselves, in their green adolescence, that they intended to do this or that fantastic or impossible thing, and remained as unaffected as Pepe by ridicule and reverses? Was he not, after all, braver than we who have learnt to compromise and accept second best?

No small race meetings for him. No petty success. No meanly applauded victories in little races. The Grand National. He had read that it was the greatest race in the world. The Grand National or nothing. Meanwhile, stifling under the tarpaulin of a ship's lifeboat, potato-peeling, imprisonment, and back to another try.

Had I been to the Grand National, he wanted to know.

I suppose it was my duty to belittle the event, to deglamorize his glorious goal. But I could not do that. I told him about it while he squatted cross-legged, never taking his eyes from mine while I gave him all he wanted of crowds and fine horses, dramatic moments in the past and such enthusiasm for the race itself that each horse might have been Pegasus.

MORE practically, I persuaded the captain to let him slip ashore at Cadiz without the knowledge of the port officials or police. This was a greater concession than it may appear, for had he been caught in the act it would have been the captain's responsibility.

However, a few of the crew, the galley boys he had assisted and one of the apprentices formed a group round him, lent him some English-looking clothes, and set off for the dock gates with him unnoticeably among them.

He bade me goodbye on deck.

"I shan't hide on this ship again," he said, "because the captain has been good to me. But I shall go to Portugal and try from there. Lisbon is usually the last port for English ships before they start for home. They won't find me. I shall get to England. You see, I want—"

"Yes, I know what you want," I said, and was about to tell him once again that it was impossible. But what was the good? There could be no impossibility for one with such simple, such clear-cut, aims. "All right," I said. "Good luck to you."

Leaning on the rail, I watched with some anxiety while the little group of seamen, with Pepe among them, made their way to the gates. For the first time I noticed that he had the authentic bow-legs of the born rider. He walked like a horseman, too. With some relief I saw him pass with his companions out of the dock area into the freedom of the old city. At least this attempt would be unpunished.

I never saw Pepe again. I cannot pretend that I expected to do so. And yet, do you know, so infectious is faith, so easily are we swayed by conviction when it is absolute (even the naïve conviction of an ignorant and uncalculating boy), that the news paragraph I had read that evening had not really surprised me. Twenty years, and the childish ambition of a boy had become the determination of a mature man.

It had come to pass—confounding all the probabilities, all the neat and proportionate pattern of life, and confounding, moreover, the sleek and comfortable laughter with which we, captain and passengers, had greeted that cool announcement by a stowaway.

For, of course, the paragraph stated that one of the horses in this year's Grand National would be ridden by the Spanish jockey, Pepe Moreno. It had given his age as thirty-seven and stated that he would be accompanied on this, his first visit to England, by his wife and three children.

HUNT THE CRIMINAL

A criminal's on the run. He skips over the county border—and local police can't pursue him across without permission. This is the sort of red tape that's liable to turn petty offender into murderer

STATISTICS ARE POOR, pale things; it is the single dramatic incident which really stirs us up. Tell the man next door that last year only twenty-nine per cent of indictable crimes in this country were cleared up by the police, and he answers, "Tck!"

But let him read in the paper one morning of half a dozen suspected murders believed to have been committed over a period of years, and he begins to yell: "This is outrageous! How the devil do they get away with it?"

The answer is *not* that we are short of policemen. It is *not* that we must increase police pay, slacken the militaristic police regulations, provide more amenities in police station houses. All those things are part of the general problem; but they are not its core.

The reason why we are not catching criminals today is because our *methods* are wrong. The modern detective in this country (and there is no better in any country in the world) is fettered by regulations which he has inherited from the Elizabethan beadle. The prevention of crime still revolves round the parish pump.

In the United Kingdom we have, not one police force, but 167. There are forty-two county police forces in England and Wales, ninety-one borough police forces, and another thirty-four in Scotland. Each is supported partly from a grant by the Home Office and partly from the local rates. Each policeman, whether uniformed or plain-clothed, in each of the 167 police forces, is concerned only with crime within his own county or borough area.

If a criminal commits a crime within the county area and then skips across the county border, the county policeman must not follow him—not until he has

received permission from his own county authorities (where he is paid out of the rates solely to look after their local crime), and not until he has received an invitation from the police authorities of the county to which the criminal has fled.

By the time the policeman has negotiated all the obstacles, the criminal has probably moved into the safety of yet another forbidden zone. It is a game in which the criminal may move where he likes but the policeman can scarcely budge without the whistle blowing off-side. And it is a game with very grave consequences.

The Wanted Men

Provincial police bills last year came to £42,000,000 and those for London to £14,000,000. Yet throughout the country thousands of criminals are officially "in hiding"—though, in fact, so little do they need to hide that most of them are actively carrying on their careers. Many are wanted by forces hundreds of miles from each other for crimes of violence. Yet the first that the police of a new area know about them is that they have gone—after committing one more crime.

George Russell, who murdered an old woman at Maidenhead last year, was a known criminal, wanted for crimes in several towns but allowed to roam uncaptured. Grondkowski, the Pole who killed a London taxi-driver in 1946, had committed many armed hold-ups, escaped and remained successfully on the run for two years before he was arrested for the murder.

When murder comes along, as the logical climax of a successful and scot-free career, the hunt becomes country-wide. But, though we may then cure the criminal with life imprisonment or a rope, an ounce of prevention beforehand



Sergeant Lacey (left) and P.C. Strange: the gunman case points a moral

IS A ONE-LEGGED RACE!

by WILLIAM J. GAGE



Scotland Yard men confer with local police at scene of Crowmarsh murder. Normally, even the Yard has to mind its own—London—business

would have meant longer life to his victim.

Short of murder, there is no crime for which any policeman in the country, of whatever rank, may on his own responsibility track a criminal outside of his own county boundaries and demand full assistance from the "foreign" police force.

Scotland Yard itself, which most of us regard as all-powerful and omnipresent, is strictly confined to minding its own business: which is the prevention and detection of crime within the boundaries of Greater London. The men of the Metropolitan C.I.D. may not stir a step outside those boundaries unless they are invited to.

And the invitation, if it arrives, invariably comes *after* the latest crime, not before it.

Is there, then, no liaison between these isolated communities, these police forces behind bars? There is. The exchange of information, which within the county boundaries is flashed by two-way radio, is conducted outside the boundaries by means of the tuppenny-ha'penny post and the *Police Gazette*.

When a Robber Escapes

Here is how we track down the crafty criminal in the twentieth century:

A man with a gun commits a robbery in, say, Birmingham, and escapes. The Birmingham police carry out inquiries, get the man's description, check with the *Police Supplements* which carry photographs of known criminals, and arrive at a tentative identification.

They have no means of duplicating photographs of the man, but they can notify the adjacent police forces (those near at hand, not the whole 167 of them) and quote the entry in the *Police Supplement*. They may also (if they wish) send through the post a written description of the suspected man and his crime to Scotland Yard.

At the Yard's Central Record Office, the suspect's dossier is consulted and an abbreviated version of his physical appearance and criminal history is inserted in the *Police Gazette*, which is

published every day except Sunday. The entry will probably read:

"23145. Doncaster. Robbery, theft, breaking-in. C.R.O. 6565410/1949 GEORGE MASTERS, alias Stanley Ralph, Arthur Jackson, Leslie Manners, Harry Farrington, born 1918-1921, 5 ft. 8 in., slim, two teeth missing top, scar under left ear, walks with limp, last seen wearing brown suit, dirty mac, trilby hat believed to have been green. May be armed. See case 19879, issue 14/3/49, Supplement "B" case 24."

Since the crime is serious and involves firearms, the verbal description will probably be accompanied by two photographs, one full-face, one profile. These will be the most recent available to the police—but may even so be ten years old.

The *Police Gazette* goes out in the evening mail and reaches the more accessible police forces the following morning. But from the time the crime is committed, and the local police have completed investigations and sent information to Scotland Yard—by post—and the Yard has checked the suspect's record, printed the *Police Gazette* and sent it round the country—again by post—anything from a week to a fortnight may have elapsed.

When the *Police Gazette* arrives at his local station, every police officer is expected to study each entry, refer to relevant Supplements, and be ready to arrest the wanted men on sight.

Many of them do this. Detectives such as Chief Inspectors Bob Fabian and Bob Lee have accelerated their promotion in the past by arresting wanted men whom they have never seen before and whom they have identified solely by their photographic memory for entries in the *Gazette*.

But others are not so conscientious. Copies of the *Police Gazette* have been found in London police stations, months after their issue, with their pages still uncut. Not a single policeman in any of those stations had looked at the warning notices of criminals at large. Why should they—since the crimes were not committed in the areas which they are paid to guard, and since it is not

their primary responsibility to catch men who are wanted by other forces?

Hence the farcical situation when a criminal named George Drummond arrived in a Yorkshire town to carry out a one-man robbery. He had been on the wanted list for fifteen months. On arrival in the Yorkshire town, he got news that inquiries were going on there about a raid in Lancashire in which he had recently taken part.

Walked Into Station!

Not wishing to roam the streets, where he might be questioned, he walked into the police station nearest to the place where he intended to carry out his new crime. It was late afternoon and, until nightfall, he enlisted the help of the station police in trying to trace an imaginary relative in the town.

When it was dark, he left the station, committed the crime he had planned, and vanished. Throughout the hour he had spent in the police station, somewhere in the same building had been the current copy of the *Police Gazette*, carrying his photograph and description.

The *Police Gazette* system just does not work. If it did, the country would not be cluttered with criminals continually on the run from one crime to another and continually uncaught. And crimes would not mount steadily in violence as the criminal grows more and more certain that he can beat the police.

Frederick Westbrook, since he began a life of crime at the age of sixteen, has used many names. He graduated from Borstal to housebreaking and made his first appearance in the *Police Gazette* in 1940 after a burglary which later got him nine months' imprisonment.

By 1943 he was roaming the country, committing robberies and using firearms to intimidate. During a ten-month period, with the *Police Gazette* not very hot on his heels, he committed twenty-four crimes and stole £1,600. When he was finally caught, he served another prison sentence and was then conscripted into the Army. He deserted and went back to crime.

He now appeared regularly in the

Police Gazette for forty separate offences. He remained undetected until a midnight fracas broke out in a West End café and a man was shot dead. Witnesses were taken to the Yard's Rogues' Gallery, where they identified a photograph of Westbrook as that of the man who fired the shot.

This time it looked like murder, and a murder committed in London. The plain-clothes men of the Yard went out to get him. He was met coming out of a boarding house; he fired on his pursuers, Constables Rowswell and Strange, wounding them before he was captured by Sergeant Lacey of the Bow Street division.

The moral is obvious. The antiquated *Police Gazette* system, the lack of co-ordination of detective services throughout the country, the artificial police boundaries, gave Westbrook such a sense of immunity from capture and punishment that he developed from a youthful petty thief into a youth who was prepared to flourish firearms as a threat and finally into a killer who used firearms in deadly earnest.

We Need an F.B.I.

No matter how many extra men we attract into the police force, the crime wave will remain uncontrolled unless we modernize the police system, breaking down the stupid barriers.

America had to face the same problem in the gangster days of prohibition. There the gunman could evade capture by crossing the State boundaries. He was finally beaten by the institution of the F.B.I.—the federal detective force which can move anywhere within any of the United States and arrest criminals for breaches of the federal laws.

We need exactly the same thing: a unified detective force which covers the whole of the United Kingdom, which has its members in every county and borough area, which does not have to ask permission before crossing somebody else's imaginary boundary, and which has the direct responsibility of capturing the thousands of Wanted Men who form the hard core of our crime problem.

Meeting Carlo in the elegant setting of the Palace, Webb felt unsure of himself and of his suspicions. How could Carlo be involved in such a shady deal? And then came dramatic news

WEBB CARR, LONDON CHIEF of an American legal firm, visits the Italian island of San Ricci to check the authenticity of a priceless Titian painting, the property of the De Cresti family, which has been offered for sale in New York.

It is not his first visit: years before, during the war, he hid in the de Cresti palace while on a mission to contact partisans. Then, only the lovely Julie, widow of a murdered partisan, had lived there. She had shielded him, until they were betrayed to the Germans.

Now, Webb finds the family in residence. Carlo de Cresti, Julie's cousin, a rising young politician, and the only surviving male member of the family, tells him that the painting must have been stolen, for no de Cresti would sell a family heirloom.

In fact, Carlo has sold the painting himself, without asking his grandmother Francesca's consent. Worried by Webb's investigations, he tries to break the Englishman's friendship with Julie, for whom he has contracted a marriage with a wealthy young nobleman.

Webb meanwhile learns in the village that Augusto, one of his wartime helpers, was accused of betraying him to the enemy and was killed by villagers. Luigi, an old waiter, a relative of the dead man, tells him that Augusto was merely a scapegoat, a fact which is proved by Serafina, Augusto's widow.

The mystery of the painting, however, is a more immediate concern, and when Webb receives a telegram revealing the name of the agent who sold it—Acuto, a disreputable dealer—he goes to Milan to find him. But Acuto is nervous and will not talk.

After Webb leaves, Acuto has another visitor—Carlo de Cresti, who demands from him the contract authorizing sale of the Titian. Acuto refuses to give it, and after a struggle, Carlo knocks him down, takes the contract, and leaves the old man lying on the floor.

Returning to San Ricci, Carlo has his fortune told by Angelina, an old maid-servant who reads the cards.

PART VI

Carlo's Fortune

CARLO'S eyes had become the eager eyes of a small boy, unguarded and bright—with anticipation. "Next year . . . what will next year bring?" "Next year?" repeated Angelina, staring intently at the cards. "I cannot see that far today. The cards won't tell that far ahead."

"Answer," he said, lifting a card from one of the little heaps, so that only she could see its face. "Yes or no?" "No," said Angelina. "Your wish will not be fulfilled."

He frowned sharply, then turned another one. "Yes or no, Angelina?"

Angelina threw down the cards she was still holding on her lap, and began to dance like a mad woman, turning around and around like a little top spinning across the floor.

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Yes, Conte Carlo! Yes! That I should live to see the day. . . ." She began to cry, burying her shrunken face in her apron.

Carlo had grown pale, and the blood

ebbing so suddenly from his face made his features look strangely cruel.

"Angelina," he whispered, "how can you know what was in my mind then . . . the question I asked?"

"In a little while," she said, "in a very little while we all will know."

Carlo turned his head to gaze for a moment out of the window, and when he looked again, the little old woman had slipped from the room. He lit a cigarette and then he reached for his bathrobe. Suddenly, as if the space within the four walls was not big enough to hold the turmoil of his emotion, he rushed out of his room, down the steep, dim staircase and into the garden.

Still running, he jumped on to the balustrade of the middle terrace and from there dived into the clear blue water.

Julie, sitting below the terrace on the steps leading up to the garden, saw a body shoot like an arrow through the air, and she smiled as she waited for his head to bob up.

Thinking of their childhood days spent in such close companionship, sadness rose in her. After all, perhaps he had the right to expect her to do her duty to the family and marry the man they had chosen for her.

But when Carlo, on his way back, discovered Julie sitting there on the steps, he was reminded only of Webster Carr.

"All by yourself?" he asked, glad to see her at home and alone, yet at the same time wondering uneasily if Carr's absence meant that he was trying to trace the Titian.

She nodded, watching the water drip from his tanned skin, the turn of his hand as he smoothed back his wet hair. There was about each of his gestures a gracefulness and harmony which contrasted sharply with the blunt purposefulness of Webb's motions.

"He had to go away quite suddenly," she said. "To Milan, I believe. When did you get back? I didn't think you'd be home before afternoon."

The English cigarette stubs in Acuto's ashtray, Carlo thought.

He turned and saw a boat rounding the northern tip of the island.

"There they are," said Julie. "Renata and Graziella."

Carlo, without waiting for her to finish, dived into the lake again. He reached the boat before the maid could manoeuvre it into the garage. Graziella, dressed as always in black, which made her appear almost elegant, pulled at the veil of her hat, embarrassed by her young nephew's naked torso, but Renata, like Julie, looked at her husband admiringly.

And like Julie, she asked, "When did you get in?"

"Two hours ago. Where have you been?"

She smiled a little, but in spite of her parted lips, her face remained tense. Yet she didn't question him any further until they were alone in their bedroom. Then the abruptness of her question betrayed an anxiety she did not usually show. "Did you see Acuto? Did you manage. . . ."

Without answering, Carlo pulled from his suitcase a small sheet of strong white paper, held it out for her to see. Then, still without speaking, he lit a match

Traitor's Island

by **MARTHA ALBRAND**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

and stood there, setting fire to the contract, watching the edges take flame, curl and begin to burn. He held it and kept holding it, oblivious of the sparks of fire touching his fingers.

Suddenly, abruptly, he threw it in the fireplace, and, looking at his wife, said: "You went to see Lunati, didn't you? It's true, Renata, isn't it? You're going to have a child?"

Renata, quite unexpectedly, blushed. Somehow it made her appear girlish, less of a mature, self-possessed woman, and Carlo, who had never seen her act shyly, started to laugh with a happiness so great that it washed away all worries. "How did you know? How can you know when Lunati told me only a little while ago?"

"Angelina." The colour deepened on Renata's face. At this moment she came close to hating her husband, whose belief in fortune telling and the forces of the supernatural her sober mind despised. She felt cruelly cheated of the surprise she had planned. This was not the first time Angelina had crossed her path and stolen a big moment. But her anger ceased just as abruptly.

They had waited for a child for two whole years, and the fact that she remained childless had cast a shadow on their future. Francesca once had told her coldly that she'd rather have their marriage annulled than put up with Renata's apparent inability to bear the last de Cresti an heir.

"Have you told the others yet?" "Of course not. I wouldn't spoil your hour of triumph."

Renata stood motionless. She felt oddly touched, and once more deeply sure of her husband. She began to laugh softly. Some of the ash from the burned contract had fallen on the rough cloth of Carlo's robe, and she flicked it away. A present, indeed, she thought; he has just given back the Titian to my son.

IN Orta, Webb had already heard that Renata de Cresti was pregnant. The maid, who brought him a jug of hot water a few minutes after he had returned, told him, and when he went downstairs, Luigi, leaning at the stair post, came forward to whisper importantly that since he had left great things had happened.

The man who rowed him across the lake announced that, because happiness had struck the Palazzo de Cresti, things would be looking up for the village,

too. Should a son be born, it was expected that for a whole year the poor in the hamlet could be fed and housed on the money Count Carlo had promised as his donation of gratitude to the church.

As he passed the church on the island, Webb could see through the open door a row of new candles, short and long in front of the Madonna.

The palazzo was ablaze with light, but the family nowhere present in the splendidly lighted rooms. They sat on the middle terrace, sheltered on either side by large camellia trees, their last blossoms like lost stars among the dark green foliage, while the low shrubbery of azaleas in full bloom looked as if thousands of faintly glimmering night moths had settled there.

It was an unusually warm evening and the smell of the water and the flowers lay as heavy as a veil over the garden. Through this profusion of flowers and fragrances Julie came to meet him.

"How good to see you back. Isn't this a beautiful night?"

Francesca de Cresti, shaking her black ebony stick in mock reprimand, said, as he bowed to her: "It must be a national trait which makes you come and go in a strange house according to your own whims."

"Where have you been?" asked Carlo, reaching for a clean glass from the tray next to him and filling it with sweet pink Asti.

Webb took the glass from his hand, finding the high stem of Murano glass frighteningly frail in his palm. He drank the champagne before he answered.

"In Milan."

They were standing very close, almost face to face, and in the uncertain light of the candles in their white globes and the moon rising beyond the hills, mingling with the golden electricity falling through the windows, Carlo's face was that of a very much younger man, softer, gentler than Webb remembered.

"You have friends in Milan?" "I went because of the Titian."

Before Carlo could answer, Renata asked, her clear low voice a little higher with intentional astonishment and slightly mocking: "Because of our Titian? To Milan? Do explain, Signor Carr."

Webb was still watching Carlo. And Carlo, facing him, said with cold surprise: "So you are still interested in



"To Milan?" asked Renata. "Because of our Titian?" Webb was standing very close to Carlo, the golden electric light flooding through the window

the painting? I told you that we would never sell it."

Francesca's stick thudded on the terrace floor, emphasizing her grandson's words and at the same time demanding an answer. For a moment, everyone turned in her direction. Her authority was taken so much for granted that even Webb could not avoid paying her the respect she demanded.

"I was asked by my office to see a certain Mr. Acuto, from whom it appears the dealer in New York bought the Titian."

"Acuto, Acuto," repeated Carlo, saying the name as if trying out the sound of it on his tongue. "Who is this Acuto? He must be a receiver of stolen goods. What did you find out?"

Once more it seemed incongruous that Acuto should have owned the Titian, and as Webb's glance wandered quickly from one face to the other, he told himself that Carlo might be right, that the barefooted old Italian was quite possibly—what had somehow failed to occur to him—a fence.

"I haven't met him yet," Webb said

guardedly. "I expect to see him on Monday."

Carlo just then was striking a match for his cigarette. Now he waved it out.

"On Monday?" he said. "Would you mind if I come with you? After all, I think our interest in the Titian is even greater than yours." Webb looked at him steadily.

"Certainly, I think you could be of great help."

"I don't see why," Francesca leaned forward, her heavy eyebrows knitting. "I don't see why either of you should go. . . . I think, Mr. Carr, it is up to the Italian police to trace the thief. . . . Didn't you tell me, Carlo, our lawyer wrote this morning that we should get my Titian back without any difficulty?"

Then another thought crossed her mind and, without waiting for an answer, she turned to Renata, who was stretched out on a garden couch, yellow chiffon falling richly from her body, languid now, at peace with herself. "If your child is a son," she said, "I will give the Titian to him."

Webb stared into his glass. A pink

petal was swimming in the sweet, sparkling fluid, its edges curling in defiance of death.

"Julie," he called, "feel like walking?" And Julie, as if she had been waiting for him to suggest privacy, rose at once.

There was a feeling of joy in her which had little to do with the events of the day, but was due only to Webb's walking alongside her.

He walked silently, listening to her explaining about Renata. "Perhaps you cannot understand what it means. All of us were afraid that she couldn't have children. They've been married two years and she went from one doctor to another. You see, nothing matters to the family quite as much as to go on and on. I already have failed them."

"Is that why you feel you have to marry—what's his name?—Monte d'Oro?"

Julie stood still. "What do you know about Orlando?"

"Renata told me that you were engaged to him."

For a moment Julie said nothing. Abruptly, she changed her direction and

he followed her up a small staircase which led from the garden to the path.

"Let's sit on the piazzetta," she said then. Like a kitchenmaid, she thought; nonna will scold, sitting with a young man on the piazzetta. But anger made her careless. That Webb should understand exactly how she felt without ever having talked about it made her angry again.

"What makes you think I don't want to marry him?"

"Well, do you?"

"That's none of your business."

"But it is," he said. "Unless you love him and send me away, I'm going to marry you."

Julie laughed.

"You didn't answer my question," Webb told her. "Are you going to send me away?"

The piazzetta lay empty, with the steps sweeping up to the church very white in the moon and the shadows of the trees like Chinese sketches drawn in ink on the ground. But heat lightning streaked the silvery sky, and beyond the hills clouds were forming.

They sat down on the rickety pier,

THIS WEEK'S COVER

its wood still warm from the sun, sighing slightly under their weight, as they leaned against the gently rocking poles.

There, because Julie kept silent, he repeated his question.

"I should—" she answered slowly
"—I should tell you to go."

"Then why don't you?"

She turned her head a little and looked at him. "Why don't I?" she said. "Why don't I really say good-bye to you now? I can't. There never can—It's all so impossible."

He caught her in his arms, and she struggled away.

"Please, Webb."

"Look," he said, "I've wanted to kiss you ever since I met you. I missed one chance; I'm not going to miss this one."

A cloud wandered over the moon, and when it had sailed away, he let her slip from his arms. She rose, but he reached her hand and felt it tremble against his fingers. But her voice, when she spoke, was quiet and controlled. "Even if I wanted to marry you—You don't know—you don't understand how much they count on me. I don't love Orlando; I don't want to be his wife, but..."

"But?"

"He is rich and he is influential. Not that I care, but the family needs the money. We lost so much during the war that financial things matter, and Carlo's career depends on him. I have no right to let them down."

FOR a second the affair of the Titian swept through his mind. Would Carlo have to marry off his cousin if he had been paid a small fortune?

"Julie," he said, "many a man has lost all he had during these last years; quite a few lost their lives. Carlo is young, already successful. All the odds are in his favour. He can stand on his own feet without you as an asset."

He saw her shake her head softly. "You don't understand, Webb."

"Personally," he said, "I have no respect for a man who builds his career on a young girl. If he isn't able to—" He broke off because he felt fury rising in him.

"It's more than that," she said softly. "It's the family. The obligation to the name."

"Julie Carr sounds wonderful to me." "Julie Carr," she repeated. "Julie Carr." And saw her grandmother's face, Carlo's, Renata's.

He drew her back into his arms. "Be sensible, darling," he said. "You just

told me that nothing matters quite as much as that the family goes on and on. Well, it will. Have you forgotten that Renata is going to have a child? And that there will be another de Cresti to take over."

He felt her relax against him. "I never thought about that," she said. "It does set me free, doesn't it?"

"I love you," he said. "I love you, Julie. Will you answer me now? Shall I go or stay?"

"How cruel you are," she whispered. "Don't you know?"

Then for the first time she threw her arms around him and her lips found his. "When did it happen?" she asked. "When did it happen, Webb—this love for you? Can love come that suddenly?"

The next morning, Webb woke to a siren shrilling, the roar of motor cycles rushing across the little square and coming to an abrupt stop.

Sun filled his room. Sky and water seemed equally blue and wide. When he shifted his position, he could see the island beyond.

He thought of last night, when they had talked for hours. About the family, about Webb's youth, England, and finally about themselves and the future. "Give me time," Julie had pleaded. "Elopements may be customary in your country, but I cannot simply run off. I can't do that to them. Carlo is like my own brother. Let me choose the time to tell them."

Then he heard steps rushing up the staircase. The next moment his door swung open and Luigi entered.

"There," he said, "now it has happened. What did I tell you, *signore*? One misfortune never comes alone."

He was too excited to realize that he had not knocked. He sat down on the unmade bed and wiped his eyes. "Ah, how unjust life is," he said, without waiting for Webb to question him.

"Why is it that always the poor, the helpless ones are haunted by disasters?" "What is it?"

But Luigi did not seem to hear Webb's question. He stretched out his hand, found the ashtray full of cigarette stubs on the narrow table next to the bed and helped himself to one absentmindedly.

"And what did you do?" he said, looking up accusingly at Webb. "What did you do all these days? Did you try to find out who it was who betrayed you? No. You went around making love to the *contessina* and forgot

Augusto. Poor Augusto. He, who would have given his life for you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Haven't you heard?" said Luigi.

"They have just arrested Apollo. Apollo Bongrani. Augusto's son."

A photograph in a gaudy frame on a bare, crude mantel and Serafina's voice: "He ran away. He couldn't stand it."

Doctor Lunati's jovial whisper: "If you ask me, Augusto shielded his son."

"Why?"

Luigi looked at him. He took his time. Dramas did not happen every day, and though he played only a tiny part, it would be irreverent not to make the most of it.

"Murder," he said. "Murder. That's what they said, the *carabinieri*, when they brought him down just now. They got a telephone call, and up they went to the vineyards. And sure enough, there he was. In the kitchen fast asleep. And Serafina just making breakfast with the good things he'd brought her. Well, what are you going to do, *signore*?"

"It is none of my business. I cannot very well interfere in the matters of the Italian police."

Luigi got up. "But it is your business. Don't you see, *signore*, that nobody will ever believe the son of a traitor? He is lost before the trial even starts. Don't you know what people are like? Why should the police make it inconvenient for themselves and do a lot of hard work when they've got somebody they can pin it on? Who will fight to prove his innocence?"

"Where are they holding him?"

"At the police station, waiting to take him away as soon as there is a train to Milan."

A few minutes later they were outside in the square, where the inhabitants of Orta had gathered in little groups.

Webb followed the old waiter towards the little town hall.

LUIGI's whole personality changed. His back bent into servility, his voice grew suddenly gentle.

"Lieutenant," he said, "the *signore* here wants to talk to you. He doesn't believe that Apollo ever murdered anyone. *Il Signor Inglese* is going to prove that a mistake has been committed."

The *carabiniere*, who had appeared in the little balcony above the narrow, graceful stairs leading up to the room of the building, fastened his glance on Webb, but made no move; he just stood there, his face serious and important.

"Of course, I realize that I have no right to interfere in any way with the affairs of the Italian police," Webb said. "I just wondered if I could talk to your prisoner. I understand he is the son of my friend Augusto Bongrani, and, if it is possible, I would like to see if I can do anything for him."

Behind him he heard Luigi give a high laugh of triumph and felt him nudge his back in appreciation.

It flattered the young policeman to be able to grant so harmless a request, and he nodded gracefully in the affirmative. "If it is your wish, *signore*, I will tell the guard to let you pass."

Walking once more across the square, flanked by Luigi on his left and the young officer on his right, Webb felt himself swept along towards some final, inevitable destination.

Next to him, the *carabiniere* was talking in a soft, monotonous voice: "... not that the victim did not deserve his fate."

"I have not seen the papers yet," Webb said. "I know very little about it all. Would you be good enough to furnish me with some details?"

The lieutenant pulled a newspaper from his pocket. "Apparently young Bongrani felt cheated in some deal or other. He insists that he is innocent, but we have witnesses who saw him



THE STRAIN of being a father seems to be telling on Yates Wilson's cover sailor. What with grandma's embarrassing cluckings at baby on the way to the christening, and the wholesale family opposition to his proposal to name the child "Horatio," he'll be glad when the affair's over. Yates Wilson's young nephew in the Navy posed for the sailor—with a doll in his arms—but Wilson says that the portrait is really all the sailors he's ever seen rolled into one.

leave the victim's office, and proof that he had worked for Acuto for years."

"Acuto? Did you say 'Acuto'?"

The name seemed to echo back from the narrow walls.

"That is correct. Manfredo Acuto. A moneylender, suspected for quite a time of black marketeering."

The voice ceased; Webb and Luigi were left alone in front of a small house which the *carabiniere* had entered without warning. Automatically, Webb stood still and opened the newspaper.

His mind refused to grasp more than the obvious—that now he could not go back to Milan on Monday to keep his appointment with the bare-footed old man, would never know if Acuto could have furnished a contract to prove the Titian had not been stolen.

Then he found himself ushered into a bare room with barred windows and at whose door a *carabiniere* sat, nonchalant and already bored. Behind him, Luigi noiselessly servile, sneaked past the guard. But once he had gained entrance, his loquacity returned.

"Ah, poor fellow," he exclaimed, "how pale he looks. . . . Don't be frightened, Apollino. See, I've convinced the Inglese to come to your help. He is going to raise earth and high heaven to set you free."

AT the far end of the room Augusto's son leaned against the wall, a cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth, hands hidden in the pockets of his gaudy jacket, his whole attitude one of aggressive defiance. Webb saw a sullen birdlike face, unshaven cheeks and a long thin nose. He bore no resemblance to either Augusto or Serafina, and, compared to his father, Apollo Bongrani seemed of strangely frail build.

"You and your promises," he said to Luigi. "Leave me alone. You never kept one promise in your life. You didn't even dare go up to visit your only sister."

"You'd better tell me about it," Webb said. "You need a lawyer. If I can arrange—"

"I don't need charity."

Luigi sat down next to Webb, his legs planted wide apart, one hand on



each knee. "He wants to spend his life in prison," he said. "Well, let's go." "I've got money," Apollo said. "They can't take it away from me. I'm not worried. I won't hang."

Webb had seen too much bravado in cornered men not to know that the boy was afraid.

"So you're not worried," he said. "Do you know that people say you have money only because the Germans paid you well?"

Apollo blew two perfect smoke rings into the stale air.

"Some people think that you gave our hiding place away and that Augusto chose death rather than admit that you were a traitor."

"Me?" Apollo broke in. "I wasn't even here."

"Of course he wasn't," said Luigi. "Shall I tell you where he was, *signore*? With my cousin. In Venice. He came back here just in time to see his father murdered."

"When did you start working for Acuto?" he asked.

The boy jumped at the mention of the victim's name. He said quickly, "I didn't kill him."

Webb looked up at him slowly.

"You ran away to Milan, didn't you? You gave your mother the money to buy the vineyard?"

Apollo kept silent, threw his cigarette to the floor, but didn't crush it. It lay there burning thinly until Luigi bent to pick it up.

"Now what's the use of playing the mule?" the old waiter exploded. "Why don't you tell the friend of your father that you gave it to her? Are you ashamed of having made money?"

"Oh, shut up."

"So you started to work for Acuto right away?"

"He joined the partisans," said Luigi. "Ever run into someone called Pancaldi?"

A glimmer of interest came into Apollo's furtive eyes. "Good man," he said unexpectedly. "He didn't do much fighting, but he figured it all out. He might get me out of this jam."

"If you have an alibi."

Apollo shrugged.

"O.K.," he said, "so I hang."

WEBB looked down at Apollo's feet. They were small and elegantly shod, but the dust of the Italian countryside had dirtied their obviously new leather.

"And then," he said, "after the war was over, the men disbanded and went back home. But you ran into a group of smugglers. It's in the papers that Acuto worked with a group of smugglers of which you were one."

"Who talked?"

"It didn't say. But you'd better tell me what you know. What did you carry for him?"

"None of us knew. We were paid well, half when we left, the rest when we came back."

"Smuggling," said Luigi. "And I thought you earned your living honestly."

Apollo began to laugh. "Honestly. You couldn't charm a dog away from a warm stove with that word, much less make a living. What else could I do? I had no education. What did you do with your life, Luigi?"

"At least I didn't bring shame to my family."

"I didn't have to worry about that."

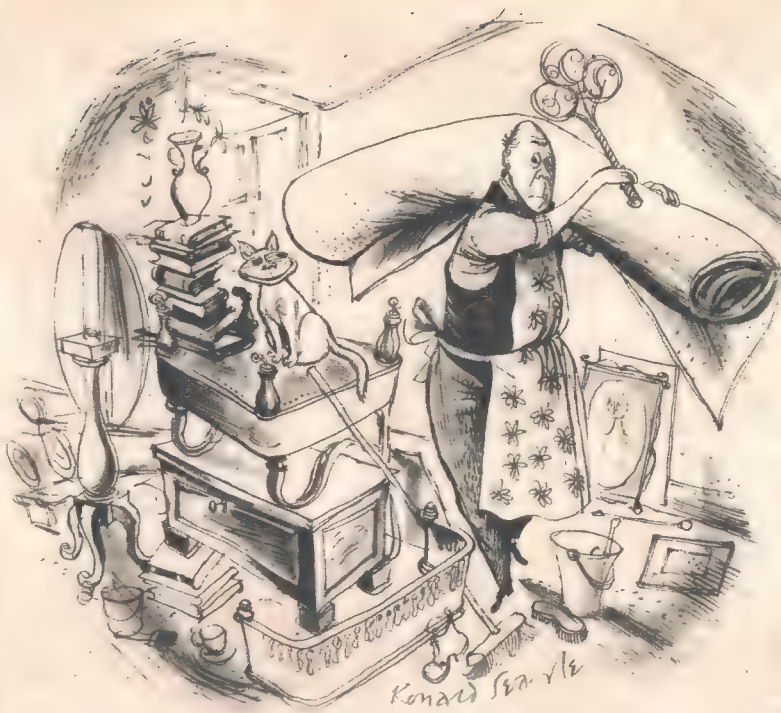
"What were you doing at Acuto's that night?" Webb asked.

Apollo shrugged. "He told me to come after midnight."

"What happened when you got there?"

"He was dead," said Apollo. "Someone had been there before me."

To be continued next week



When spring-cleaning starts I demote myself to skipper's mate

I do as I'm told

by HERBERT HODGE

I'M JOTTING THIS DOWN while I can. There's going to be very little time for writing this week. I shall no longer be my own master. I've just signed on for the annual spring-cleaning.

When that job starts, I step down from the position of master and become mate. Mine not to reason why; mine only to do as I'm told.

All the same, I'm looking forward to it—because, this year, besides giving the place what women call "a good turn-out," we're going to do a bit of painting. And if I help with the turning-out I may be allowed to paint the scullery walls.

Give me a pot of paint, a nice, broad brush, and a large expanse of wall crying out to be brightened up—and I can be happy for hours.

Or, at any rate, for about an hour and a half. Then, when your arms and back are aching; and your eyes, nose, mouth, knees, wrists and elbows seem to have picked up far more than their fair share of paint; and there are still yards and yards of wall waiting to be

covered; and those first few sweeping strokes which you put on with such joyous abandon are beginning to show signs of drying streaky—then painting begins to lose its savour.

Of course, that's always the moment your wife comes to see how you're getting on. A few moments earlier she might have admired it. But now there seems to be hardly any room for doubt about the way those first few strokes are going to dry.

The Look in Her Eye

If she's a nice wife she keeps that thought to herself; but if you've been married for any length of time you know by the look in her eye. She says you've done splendidly, and now you deserve a sit-down and a smoke. Meanwhile, she'll finish it off.

And if you notice next day that the streaky patch has been gently touched up, you don't pry into problems that don't concern you. That's the only way to tackle spring-cleaning and stay married.

But the painting's only the cream on the cake—the orange juice after the

cod-liver oil. There's all the plain work of "turning-out" to be done first. I can't call myself a skilled turner-out. It's a job I've never been able to take a real interest in. But I know enough about it to make a fairly good mate. I've learned to hold the tools and hold my tongue.

When I was a boy my mother tried to train me up to be a housewife's treasure. At nine years old I could scrub floors, wash up, clean the knives, lay the table, do all the household shopping and come back with the right change (and sometimes a bit over for myself).

There's no doubt I'd have made an ideal modern husband if only I hadn't got tired of it too early in life. Before I got married I could even darn my socks. After marriage I lost the knack.

Gave the Pail a Tilt

Besides, as a boy I had a more vivid imagination than I've got now. Imagination is a great help in housework. When I was scrubbing a floor I only had to give the pail an accidental tilt when nobody was looking and I could have a fine game of floods. The whole countryside overwhelmed. Thousands homeless. Even the scrubbing brush swept away.

Then I was the fire brigade, rushing to the rescue; mopping it up at frantic speed to save the women and children—and, incidentally, to save the ceiling of the room downstairs.

With the washing-up I played Spanish Armadas. Sometimes I played it in a basin; but there's hardly enough sea-room in a basin, if you're a deep-water sailor. The best way is to plug up the kitchen sink-hole and fill the sink. Then I launched quite a fleet; or rather, the two fleets—soup-plates for the large Spanish galleons, and saucers for the little English ships. The fleet of English saucers, under Drake and Hawkins, would come sailing out from Plymouth and sink the huge Spanish soup-plates with all hands.

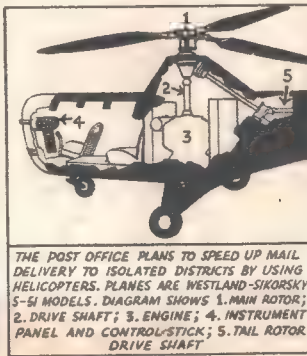
If the plates still looked a bit dirty after that glorious victory I'd fish them up from the bottom of the sea, refloat them, and have a storm. After a good storm a plate was either clean enough to be wiped and put away, or fit only to be quietly forgotten. Not that I had very many serious disasters at sea. I couldn't afford it. My ships were uninsured, and their price was liable to be stopped out of my pocket-money.

However, this is no time to dwell on past delights. I feel sure there will be plenty of new opportunities for me in this year's spring-cleaning.

With all clean, aloft and alow, we can start on the painting. That's what I'm looking forward to. I know of nothing more sweetly satisfying than the first fine sweeps of shining colour on a clean blank wall.

Besides, you can never tell; there's always the chance that this time it won't dry streaky.

UNCLE ANDY



Letters by Helicopter



Dining with someone
'very special'....?



Meet him with hair that has

Icilma lustre!

That's it! Icilma lustre is just Icilma cleanness! There are no trick chemicals in Icilma for quick, harsh cleansing—just good, rich soapiness that *all* hair needs. No wonder that Icilma with its beautifying Rinse, leaves your hair soft and silky, yet perfect to manage.

★ ★ ★

If you haven't time or hot water for a wet shampoo, use the Icilma Hair Powder.

Icilma
SHAMPOO

with
Special Rinse — 4d



"So this is love!"

"OF COURSE, George loves me. But sometimes it's hard to believe! For instance, when he 'phones late from the office that he's bringing home business friends to dinner.

"Oh, I know what to do now! I put on my prettiest frock and keep calm, relying on my shelf of Batchelors foods. Delicious Batchelors peas with the meat—they're such substantial food! To start—one of Batchelors soups, rich and satisfying. For the sweet course, Batchelors canned fruit—tender as fresh fruit just cooked! And I must say my quick meals are popular with my husband *and* his friends!"

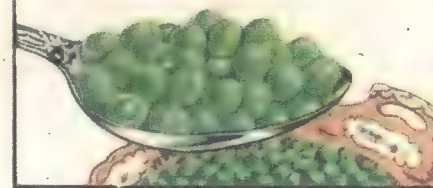
It's really easy to make a marvellous meal in a moment—just see you have plenty of Batchelors wonderful foods

in the house. Serve them to brighten dull meals on ordinary days—as well as to delight your guests!

B for Batchelors

Food News from Batchelors Bee

With so little meat in the family meals, serve Batchelors Peas as often as you can—they are rich in body-building protein and energy-giving carbohydrates. Insist on Batchelors!



Batchelors
WONDERFUL Foods



ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS · VEGETABLES · FRUITS



HOW GOOD ARE RUSSIA'S FORCES?

Continued from page 8

of armour in front and its great 88-mm. gun. This took heavy toll of the more lightly armed and armoured British and American tanks in the enclosed country of Sicily, Italy and Normandy. But in the open spaces of Russia the relatively slow Tiger was more handicapped in dealing with the speedy T34s. The German tankmen derisively called their Tiger a "furniture van."

Then in 1944 the Russians introduced their new heavy tank, the Stalin, with 150 mm. of armour in front and a 122-mm. gun, yet lower in build and thus less of a target for the Tiger. Only by skill in tactics could the Germans combat the superiority of the Stalin, which remained until the end of the war the most powerful tank in the world.

First Things First

So the Red Army has proved over a whole decade its capacity to keep on stepping ahead of other armies. This story of the "tank race" is worth telling in detail, as a warning, because it shows how the Russians concentrated on the development of the weapon that mattered most while also turning out well-designed and reliable weapons of other kinds.

They seem particularly good at making weapons that are especially fool-proof. That may reflect an especial need on their part, due to a lower average level of education among the users, but it is a very desirable asset anywhere in view of hard-testing war conditions.

Since the war they have had the experience of German technicians to combine with their own, and a knowledge of the many new weapons and improved types that were being evolved in Germany. So it would be wise to reckon that the Russians are at least keeping their former rate of progress in design.

Evidence of this has already been seen in the air—the sphere where it is most difficult to hide things. In the war, the Red Air Force was not so striking as the Red tank force—though certainly not to be despised. It had concentrated on close support of the troops on the ground, especially by low-flying attack, to the virtual exclusion of longer-range and more complex operations.

In that limited rôle the Russians were quite effective, if not up to the highest Western standards. Their Yak fighters, Lavochkin fighter-bombers, and Tupolev (TU2) twin-engined bombers had a good performance.

Western critics have been rather too inclined to base their opinions on the Red Air Force's obvious defects—technical and operational—where it went outside the limits on which it had mainly focused. Its standard of navigation is poor and its methods are primitive. It is not equipped with the instruments for blind-flying and direction by radar. But the pilots often show a natural skill and much daring.

The output of machines is far larger than in any other country since the war, but they are mostly light ground co-operation or training types. Quantity production is helped by simplicity of construction, and the majority still have wooden frames. A greater handicap is in engine design, which has been backward by comparison with Western progress.

That is one reason why the Russians have embraced jet-propulsion with great eagerness. Their development of this new line has been helped by the fact that they bought a considerable number of the Rolls-Royce Nene and other jet engines before such arrangements were checked. Several new jet-engined types have been seen by foreign observers, and one of them has been timed to be travelling at well over 600 m.p.h.

As jet-engined fighters and fighter-



bombers are too fast to be suitable for co-operation in ground operations, it would seem that the Russians are now concentrating on the problem of intercepting atom-bombers.

There has also been a significant development of new long-range bombers similar to the B-29, or Superfortress, while a promising four-engined jet bomber has been appearing. All this suggests an increased interest in strategic bombing on the Russians' part.

Likewise, the production of new long-range transport aircraft may be a hint of contemplated airborne operations. One of the mysteries of the last war is why the Russians, who were the pioneers of parachute forces, never tried to use theirs during the war, in contrast to the Western countries, who were late starters in this new sphere.

But while they had a far greater number of trained parachute jumpers than any other country, they were short of transport aircraft as well as backward in navigational technique. Here are two obvious reasons—though there may be others—for that blank page in the record of Russia's achievements in the war.

If Russia Attacked

In studying the problems of another struggle, starting farther west, it is not likely that her strategists can have failed to see how a strong airborne arm might serve them as a "tin-opener" if they were to take the offensive initiative at a suitably chosen moment. The clearest of all lessons of the last war was that Hitler's advance, which came so near achieving the conquest of the west, broke down on two rocks: first, his inability and unreadiness to throw a land force over the sea into the island of Britain; second, his failure to capture the rock-keys of the Mediterranean.

While the Red Air Force hitherto has been a less striking force than the Red Army, the Red Navy has been by far the least effective of the Services, no better than in tsarist times. It failed even to dominate the Black Sea during the last war, still less the Baltic.

It has three battleships, some nine cruisers and perhaps sixty destroyers, but most of them are obsolete. It has recently built its first two aircraft carriers, ships of 22,000 tons capable of carrying sixty planes. Its main strength lies in its sub-

marine force, the largest in the world—its total is stated to be about 250. Such numbers convey a false impression, as the bulk are of out-of-date types.

Important developments are, to be expected, however, from the fact that the Russians are now in possession of several of the Schnorkel-equipped German U-boats and the component parts for building a lot more of this type.

A large submarine force of this kind—which does not have to come to the surface and combines speed with an immensely long radius—could be of great potential effect in another war, especially for a renewed and tighter blockade of Britain and as an invisible Iron Curtain to stop supplies and troop shipments from America to Europe.

Undersea Troop-carriers

Beyond that is the possibility of developing submersible troop-carriers. These could be an epoch-making contribution to the solution of the problem of overseas invasion by a land Power which does not enjoy command of the sea, particularly for the invasion of a relatively small objective.

It is the problem to which a far-sighted strategic planning staff of a Power with large resources would long since have directed its efforts. While "airborne" is one possible way of solution, "undersea" is another. It would seem, however, the more remote one, taking account of the technical difficulties, especially for a country that is inexperienced in amphibious operations.

While it would be wise not to discount the possibility of the Russians embarking on wider forms of action than they attempted in the last war, it is reasonable to reckon that lack of practical war experience in unfamiliar techniques may diminish the potential threat.

On a present reckoning, the power of Russia's forces rests mainly in her army, and, in that, on her armoured arm. This is her spearhead.

It is a very formidable arm, and anyone would be foolish to underrate its menace. At the same time, it has limitations that should be noted in assessing its powers. The Russian tank force—though the best element in all Russia's forces—did not prove as potent as the inherent superiority of its machines. That was due partly to technical, partly to tactical limitations.

These are worth studying because they bring out the curiously mixed quality of the Russian forces in general—that mingling of contrasts which makes one observer jump to the conclusion that they are inefficient and another to the conclusion that they are super-efficient.

The eye of the one is caught by obvious blemishes and deficiencies so that he overlooks the excellence of the basic elements. The mind of the other is so impressed by these basic elements that it fails to note the restrictions on their effectiveness.

The two sides of the case come out in examination of the Russian tank arm.

The machines were rough inside and out—they were not even painted. Their design showed little regard for the comfort of the crew. They lacked the refinements and instruments that Western tank experts considered necessary as aids to driving, shooting and control. Until 1943 they had radio only in the commanders' tanks.

On the other hand they had a good thickness and shape of armour, a powerful gun, high speed and reliability—the four essential elements.

The comfort of their crew was of less importance, especially as Russian soldiers were tougher than others. Regard for comfort and the desire for more instrumental aids involve added weight and complications of manufacture. Such desires have repeatedly delayed the development and spoilt the performance of our tanks. So they did with the Germans, whose production suffered from the search for technical perfection.

Speeded Output

The principles on which the Russians worked in their mechanization programme can be clearly discerned. They picked up ideas from many different tank types abroad and picked out features which they thought worth incorporating in their own tanks and then developed the amalgam in a model on their own lines.

They concentrated on the mass-production of only one or two types. They tried to make these as simple as possible in construction. This was of great help to rapid output in quantity. In 1942 the Russian armoured corps mostly had only two types of vehicle, the T34 tank and the Ford lorry, whereas the German panzer divisions had a dozen different types of armoured vehicles and twenty of unarmoured vehicles—a great complication of the problem of repair and spare parts.

Thus the balance of advantage would seem to rest with the Russians' tank policy. But it also carried handicaps that reduced the advantages provided by the basic superiority of their tanks.

Hampered in Action

While the crews might be able to stand more discomfort than Westerners could, that power of endurance did not prevent them being hampered in action when in a tank that had a cramped body. The deficiency of their optical instruments lowered the chances of hitting the target when they opened fire. Lack of other gadgets was a handicap on movement.

Until all tanks were fitted with radio, the sub-units could not manoeuvre quickly—and so forfeited much of the advantage offered by the speed of the machines.

Western armies are apt to lose mobility and flexibility through their abundance of means, their variety of specialties, and their elaborate organization. They become tangled up in the many strings to their bow. The Russians are apt to be cramped in their action through having too few.

Over-complexity and over-simplicity both make for inelasticity, though in opposite ways.

NEXT WEEK: Liddell Hart discusses the fighting qualities of the Russian in uniform

FREE SPEECH

*Inland airmail service is fine, but who's paying?
Slum clearance isn't a simple matter of rebuilding
School dentists "used" children to get pay increase*

HAVING TO SEND a parcel by air to Glasgow, I took it along to the freight office. An official accepted it, and passed it along to another man, who placed the parcel on a weighing machine.

A third official weighed it, calling out the information to a fourth. A fifth man calculated the charge. It came to 5s. 9d.

The next day I was informed that the parcel had been safely loaded, and given the number of the aircraft. This excellent service only cost me 5s. 9d., but I hesitate to think what it cost all of you.—J. F. HODGSON, 41 Hichission Road, London, S.E.15.

Estate Was Ruined

JOHAN BULL'S EDITORIAL on housing and slums (March 5) was full of interest, but it gave only one side of the picture. After twenty years of living in council property, I know that the removal of slums is not a mere matter of knocking them down and building new houses.

The estate in which I live, built twenty years ago, is now one of the slums of 1949. It was a heart-breaking spectacle to watch this estate ruined by an influx of ex-slum dwellers. Fittings were destroyed, windows smashed and not repaired, and ground intended for gardens became neglected and choked with weeds.

Those of us who organized our lives and cultivated gardens were derided and often attacked by the slum dwellers. Decent citizens have a desperate struggle to adhere to their standards of life and avoid being dragged down to the level of the lowest.—G. W., Aberdeen. (Full name and address enclosed.)

"Bolshy" Then

STAFFORDSHIRE DENTAL SURGEONS have had their salaries increased to £1,100 and £1,400 a year because 43,875 children are in danger of being deprived of treatment.

Are dentists using children's needs to extort higher pay? When the miners deprived the country of coal in 1926 for the same reason, the police and military stood by to deal with them as bolshies. What's the difference?—JOHN WHEATLEY, 68 London Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Wasted Operation

MY SON, AGED FOUR AND A HALF, had an operation for a complicated squint last September. He also has a serious defect in one eye which could lead to blindness. It is now nearly six months since

spectacles were prescribed for him—and we are still waiting for them. Meanwhile his eyes have gone back to the previous squint, and the operation has been wasted.—MRS. G. WARD, 2 Merick Road, Malvern Link, Worcestershire.

Nine Months to Wait

OUR TWELVE-YEAR-OLD daughter, who has worn spectacles for six years, recently broke her present pair beyond repair. We now learn that to obtain a new pair we will have to wait nine months. And without spectacles she cannot see the blackboard at school, is unable to cross the road by herself, and cannot even read. What is she supposed to do in the meantime—learn braille?—R. McNULTY, 55 North Street, Burnley, Lancs.

Memo to B.R.

BRITISH RAILWAYS should change the system of monthly and three-monthly tickets. I paid £5 9s. return from London, and because I cannot travel back within the month I have to pay a further £2 11s. 8d.

Bus companies charge £2 10s. return without a time limit. Why can't British Railways do the same?—Miss A. B., Glasgow. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Films We Don't See

DIRECTOR OF a good amateur film company, I voice the opinion of most amateurs that there should be a State cinema for amateur films.

Many are gems, but they are lost to the public through lack of a suitable exhibiting organization. Amateurs do not have to stick to commercial box office technique, and could advance the art of the film if only there were a little official encouragement.—G. W. IGGULDEN, Brighton. (Full address enclosed.)

One Thousand Replies

FOLLOWING EXPRESSION OF MY views in "Free Speech" on England (JOHN BULL, January 22) I received over a thousand letters—and more are still arriving!

Despite the provocative tone of my letter, almost every reply expressed infinite goodwill towards America, though

some writers quite justifiably slanged me. At the nearby high school several teenagers in jeans and bobby sox were delighted to write to their British counterparts who asked for pen friends.—STAN SMITH, Orange Coast College, Box 307, Costa Mesa, California, U.S.A.

* Views expressed were that in comparison with the average American "an Englishman is dull and hopelessly hamstrung by convention," and England a "cold, apathetic country."—EDITOR.

Kissing in Doorways

AS A FOREIGN GIRL WHO has lived in England for a year I have often noticed girls and boys in their teens kissing and acting very freely in shop doorways. It gives foreigners a very bad impression of English morality.—Miss M. H., Manchester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Marrying a Pole

I PROPOSE MARRYING A Polish boy I have known for almost two years, not—to quote a recent "Free Speech" correspondent—because Poles are "fascinating Casanovas" or because the girls they like are "vivacious know-alls about love,"



Joyce Davidson, Josef Jarzynka

but simply because we are two ordinary people who think we can find happiness together.—Miss JOYCE DAVIDSON, 24 Vernon Road, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex.

Pities the Childless

H. HOLMES'S "Day I'll Always Remember" letter and the photo of his adopted daughter (JOHN BULL, February 26) brought a lump into my throat and made me wish that we could afford another child as well as the two little girls we have already.

Funny how sorry for us mothers our "childless-by-choice" friends are, and funny, too, how they keep comforting us with: "Never mind, they'll soon be going to school and then you'll have more freedom"—and so forth.

Funny! These people with no nappies on the line and no green and blue ration books can't get it in their heads that we are sorry for them.—MRS. S. T., Staffs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Less for Little 'Uns

AS A BRANCH MANAGER of a multiple tailoring firm, may I point out to S. J., Belfast, who wrote (JOHN BULL, March 5) complaining of the extra charge for outsize clothing, that undersized men do get their clothing cheaper. The extra

Day I'll always remember

"That WAS an experience!" is a phrase most people use to describe some vivid event in their lives. Below is a reader's personal story. Others are invited and will be paid for if printed

It happened while I was in the W.A.A.F. The date was June 5, 1943, and I was returning to my station in Wiltshire after six days' sick leave, feeling pretty miserable, as I was due to return to hospital in a couple of days.



Mrs. C. Price

On leaving the train I discovered that I had just missed the hourly bus, so I began to walk, hoping to get a lift.

I was lucky. Before I had gone a hundred yards a large car drew up and a man sitting next to the chauffeur asked me if I wanted a lift. Gratefully, I accepted, and with scarcely a glance at the other three women occupants, seated myself.

After the car started the woman on my right spoke to me, and, turning to answer, I found myself sitting next to Queen Mary.

I was terribly embarrassed, but she soon put me at my ease with her gentle manner, and for the next ten miles the conversation was easy and interesting. In the villages the children waved flags and the Queen smiled and waved back.

Before I left her she gave me a souvenir, a small medallion with her monogram on the front and on the back the words, "Good luck."—MRS. C. PRICE, 17 Conway Street, Halifax, Yorks.

charge for outsize Utility suits (over forty-two inch chest measurement) is 15s. The rebate for undersize Utility suits (below thirty-four inch chest measurement) is also 15s.—W. J. REID, "Bracklinn," Pulpit Hill, Oban, Scotland.

Leicester After Dark

TRANSSPARENT BELISHA BEACONS ("Free Speech," March 5) have been on trial in one of Leicester's busiest streets for some months—with great success.

Illuminated at dusk, the beacons are plainly visible to motorists and give the pedestrians confidence in crossing the road at these points.—F. F. BEDFORD, 20 Glazebrook Road, New Parks, Leicester.

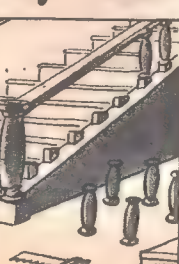
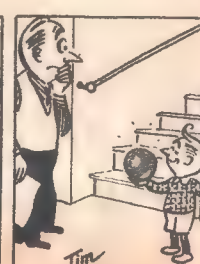
Laughable Clothes

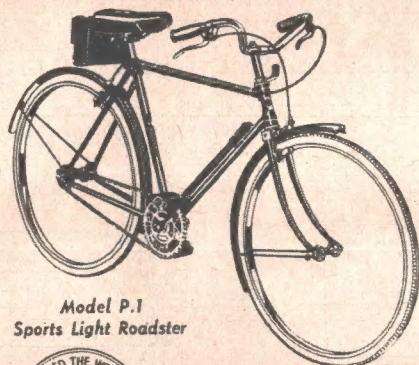
MICHAEL CRITCHLOW'S COVER painting of the young couple gazing at costumed figures in a museum (JOHN BULL, March 5) set me thinking.

If, in a hundred years, present-day fashions were displayed in glass cases, those likely to cause the greatest merriment would be: a man in plus fours; a woman in corduroy slacks; and a conventionally dressed bridegroom.—M. I., Hants. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!





Model P.1
Sports Light Roadster



PHILLIPS

J.A. PHILLIPS & CO LTD

• CRENDON WORKS

• SMETHWICK

• BIRMINGHAM

Made from True Temper Steel, by experienced craftsmen in factories devoted to bicycle and bicycle component production for over fifty years, it is guaranteed to give you trouble-free, healthy, happy cycling for many years

It's a
Phillips-
the
long-life
Bicycle

THE BED-TIME SWEET

FOX'S
Glacier
REGD
MINTS

SOOTHING · SUSTAINING · DIGESTIVE

FIRST  **NEXT**  **THEN**  **FINALLY** 

What value you get in Andrews!

FIRST, this pleasant-tasting effervescent drink quickly chases gloom away. It freshens the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. **NEXT**, antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets. **THEN**, Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness. **FINALLY**, to complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the system and purifies the blood. Be regular with your Andrews — refreshing, tonic, laxative. 4 oz. tin 1/3, 8 oz. tin 2/3, weights guaranteed.

ANDREWS for *Inner Cleanliness*

(G113-29*)

MISS *Wise* KNOWS...
lovely teeth stay lovely
when Gums are kept
healthy with...



Gibbs S.R. TOOTHPASTE
1/4 and 2/- inc. tax

Come to **MIDDLETON TOWER HOLIDAY CAMP**
this year!

FREE Send a P.C. for fully illustrated Brochure NOW. It tells you all about Britain's Best Holiday Camp. All-in-Rate from £5 5s. Od. week. Opens May 7th. FULLY BOOKED JULY 9th to AUGUST 6th

WRITE NOW TO: **MIDDLETON TOWER HOLIDAY CAMP**
Nr. Morecambe, Lancs.

 *Guiding on land!*

EVERY AMENITY FOR HOLIDAY HAPPINESS

My husband was worried about his work. He just couldn't get on through headaches and neuralgia. I got him to take 'YEAST-VITE' Tablets. His work became a pleasure. His boss was so glad he gave him a better job.

YEAST-VITE

If you suffer from HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS OR SLEEPLESSNESS try Yeast-Vite "Pick-Me-Up" Tablets at once. 1/6 and 3/8.

Have a CAPSTAN



CAPSTAN
Navy Cut
CIGARETTES
W.D. & H.O. WILLS
BRISTOL & LONDON

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

C.C.726.B.A.

TOP OF THE CLASS!

LAST week we told of a railway signalman winning £500 with a *Bullet* in praise of schoolteachers. And now we congratulate a teacher—reader J. Kavanagh, Newtownkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone—on heading the *Bullets* class!

A £500 cheque rewarded fifty-five year old Mr. Kavanagh for his neat comment on free democracy: HOME OF THE FREE—PEOPLE "RUNNING," NOT FLEEING.

"It took me less time to put together my First Prize *Bullet* than any other I've made for months past," he told us. "I'll have no difficulty in finding good uses for my prize-money, as we have five boys and a girl, the youngest just a year old."

Teacher, signalman, delivery foreman, labourer, clerk—these are the men from all sorts of walks in life who've recently won their way to the top in *Bullets*. And, as you'll see from the latest result on this page, women get there too.

Whoever you are, wherever you live, you can win this week!

£750 CASH for EASTER

THIS WEEK'S 50 CHEQUES:

£350, £50, £25, £20, £18

£16, £14, £12, 2 of £10, 5 of £9

5 of £8, 5 of £7, 5 of £6

5 of £5, 5 of £4, 10 of £3

3,000 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

BONUSES of SEASONS

Each of this week's first 20 cheques won with a *Bullet* which was one of four or more efforts on single coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) will be accompanied by £1 "Bullets" Season as Bonus.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

John Citizen
In A Healthy State
Going Without
Cup Of Happiness
The New Tyranny
In The Wars
Gardening
Where Should We Be If
Little Things
Asleep Or Awake
Worry, Worry, Worry
Model Husband
As A Favour
Whitewashed

Didn't Think
She Looked Sweet, But
Spring Poet
Getting Giddy
All Dressed Up And
Made His Mouth Water
Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions
Europe's
.....Too Much
With Grandma's.....
While They're.....
Out Of.....
Specially For.....

SWITZERLAND
FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS?
FIRST OFFER NEXT WEEK

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,674 (or Xword 626) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Cmpb.)

BULLETIN LABEL STICK 2d. STAMP here to secure <i>Bulletin</i> and <i>Gazette</i> dated April 16. If this is your first specimen copy please mark X here		487 NAME ADDRESS
EXAMPLE 6d. BULLET EX. 6d. B. EX. 6d. B. EX. 6d. B.		
Fee: 6d. per <i>Bullet</i> on coupon or plain paper — see Bonus Offer above. Closing Postmark, 1,674 MON., APR. 4 I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value No.		



WOMAN WINS £500 OUTRIGHT—XWORD 621

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Fish. 3, Lord. 7, Crave. 8, Gig. 9, Post. 13, Placer. 14, Silk. 15, Map. DOWN: 2, Shows. 4, Doze. 5, Change. 6, Mock. 10, Ton. 11, Jack. 12, Team or Tear.

£500 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. E. Throp, 572 Heaton Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Second Prize of £150 shared by 33 First Runners-up, each receiving £4 10s. 11d.

Third Prize of £100 shared by 168 Second Runners-up, each receiving 11s. 11d. All cheques have been posted.

CASH, FOOD and NEW XWORD PRIZES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

Awards £25 Amongst 1st Value Runners-up

NEW "SIGNPOST" PRIZES for all 2nd Runners-up

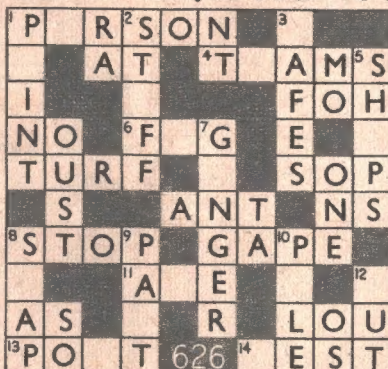
14-lb. FOOD PARCELS

with all prizes value £1 and over, providing useful extras for your larder and luxuries for your table

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

WIN A CHEQUE AND 14-lb. FOOD PARCEL!



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

626 Closing Postmark
MON., APRIL 4

£500 1st Prize, "Bullets" 1,669

Miss M. Smart, 77 Canberra Road, Christchurch, Hants:

BEHIND THE VEIL
OF MIST, "HEAVENLY MORNING"

SECOND PRIZE, £50: H. G. Hindle, 12 Moor Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford: A FREE ENTRY—INTO "FAIR COMPETITION"—BIRTHRIGHT.

THIRD PRIZE, £25: E. J. Stanbrook, 28 The Sidlands, Appleton, Berks: ONE OF NATURE'S BLESSINGS—HELPS ME COUNT THEM!

(Above prizes each plus Radiogram or Washing Machine.)

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. E. Cooper, 56 Inverine Road, Charlton, S.E.7: ONE OF NATURE'S GENTLEMEN—CHIMPANZEE—BLEW AUNTIE KISS! £10: W. A. Northcott, 9 Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth: ONE OF NATURE'S CHILDREN—SCREAMING—ANOTHER, SCREAMING "TALLY-HO!" £5: T. R. Evans, Sunnybank, Peniel Green, Llan-samlet, Swansea: A FREE MOSLEY—"ARGUES" DEMOCRACY'S STRENGTH, TOO. £5: W. D. Linton, 8 Carlton Avenue, Prestwich, near Manchester: WHAT WE NEED TODAY—PROTECTION FROM BLOODLESS SPOIL-SPORTS! £5: A. E. Mudd, 21 Victoria Park, Cambridge: WHAT WE NEED TODAY—"One World" CONTROLLING MAN. £5: E. P. Taunton, 12 St. Ann's Road, Malvern: A FREE WORLD—OFFERED WITH EVERY WAR! £5: G. Wilkinson, 4 Hollyhock Terrace, Coxhoe, Co. Durham: A FREE TRIAL—THAT HUNGARIAN "SAMPLE"?

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "Bullets" Bulletin.

All prizes have been dispatched including 25 Family Hampers and 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Getting Release from Call-up

E. R. (Wallasey): Fresh periods of service for those called up in 1947 and 1948 have been announced by the Ministry of Defence. The new periods, which will affect your son, are as follows:

DATE OF ENTRY	PERIOD OF SERVICE	
	Years	Months
1947		
Jan.-June ..	2	3
July and Aug. ..	2	2
Sept. and Oct. ..	2	1
Nov. and Dec. ..	2	0
1948		
Jan. and Feb. ..	1	11
March and April ..	1	10
May and June ..	1	9
July and Aug. ..	1	8
Sept. and Oct. ..	1	7
Nov. and Dec. ..	1	6

However, as your son was originally due to be released in August and had arranged to start a university course in the autumn, he will be given an early release if applied for by his university.

May Defy Parents

W. N. (Northwood): If your parents want to emigrate you do not have to go with them. They cannot compel you to do so. Since you are over sixteen you are legally entitled to live your own life.

Teacher's "Know-how"

S. W. (Hendon): You are probably an excellent carpenter, but that in itself does not qualify you as a teacher of handicrafts in a boys' school. It is not enough to know a subject; you must also have the ability to "put it across" to the boys and to keep good order. The right kind of personality for teaching needs to be combined with technical skill. One without the other usually means failure.

Sickness Benefit

L. S. (Calne): Payment of sickness benefit may be delayed or lost if you fail to notify the local National Insurance Office of your incapacity within three days. If you cannot obtain a medical certificate immediately you should send a note giving full name, address and National Insurance number, followed as soon as possible—certainly within ten days—by the first medical certificate.

Would-be Councillors

H. B. (Wantage): A pamphlet entitled *Election of Parish Councillors: Notes for Candidates* has been published recently by the Home Office. It costs 1d. and can be obtained through any bookseller or from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.1.

Selling Sweets

W. V. (Swansea): When sweets come off the ration, shopkeepers will still need a licence to sell them—under the Food (Licensing of Retailers) Order, 1948.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.



CHOOSE YOUR CAREER NOW

Accountancy.
Blue Prints.
Book-keeping.
Chemistry.
Civil Service.
Commercial Art.
Draughtsmanship.
Engineering.
Languages.
Mining.
Plastics.
Secretaryship.
Shorthand (Pitman's).
Wireless.
Works Managers.

If your requirements are not listed above, write us for free advice.

QUALIFY FOR A BETTER POST

—by Post!

Let the most progressive, most successful College in the world coach you by correspondence. Choose your career or be advised by us. We take a personal interest in all our students, and provide the friendly individual training that quickly leads to success. Make the first move NOW—write for free particulars.

DIRECT MAIL TO DEPT. 31

The Bennett College
SHEFFIELD



NUZORA hair dressing

KEEPS YOUR HAIR IN GOOD ORDER



- ★ NO GUM OR STARCH
- ★ CLEAN TO USE
- ★ PLEASANT GLOSS
- ★ EASY ON HATS AND PILLOWS
- ★ ECONOMICAL
- ★ TONES UP SCALP

Visit our Stand, No. 444
at the Ideal Home Exhibition

A product of the Anzara Perfumery Co., Ltd.



DOLCIN—NEW AMERICAN DISCOVERY QUICKLY RELIEVES THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS

THROUGHOUT the United States and Canada rheumatic sufferers have obtained relief from pain with DOLCIN, the new American discovery. This wonderfully beneficial succinate-salicylate compound is now available for you. DOLCIN gives PROMPT RELIEF from the painful symptoms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago and Fibrositis, and the majority of sufferers also obtain PROLONGED RELIEF because DOLCIN contains substances which improve the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected tissues.

DOLCIN is absolutely NON-TOXIC: it will not harm the heart or any other organ and can be safely taken for long periods necessary for the elimination of rheumatic activity in severe cases. If you suffer from any of the ailments in the Rheumatic group get your DOLCIN tablets today from your chemist. 100 Tablets for 10/- including purchase tax.

DOLCIN
TRADE MARK

DOLCIN, 110 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



Where's your EXTRA NOURISHMENT

Vitamin reinforcement is available for people who suffer from fatigue and lack of energy. Two 'Supavite' capsules a day provide your normal requirement of vitamins A, B₁, B₂ (G), C, D, E and Nicotinamide plus Iron Phosphorus and Calcium—in correct proportions and in a form readily absorbed by the system. 5/- a box (15 days' supply).

Angier's SUPAVITE
CAPSULES

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86 CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1

TO-DAY'S BEST BOOT BARGAIN



In beautiful Red and Brown Suede. Luxurious warm lining and turn-over top. Crepe soles and heels. Rich-looking. Fine-fitting. Money gladly refunded if not satisfactory. State size of shoe usually worn.

Delivery within 10 days from receipt of order.

65/-
Post Free
All sizes

BROWNS of Scarborough
(Dept. J.B.)
10 DEAN ROAD, SCARBOROUGH

BRUSH THEM WELL, JUDY—
TOMORROW WE'LL SHOW THE
DENTIST HOW
CLEAN THEY
ARE!



JUDY'S TEETH ARE IN SPLENDID
CONDITION MRS. SMITH



All over the world millions* use

'KOLYNOS'

morning and night

★ Your dentist says: "Clean your teeth twice daily!" "KOLYNOS' Dental Cream cleans between your teeth where food clings and decay starts. 'KOLYNOS' cleans safely without harsh abrasives—makes your teeth whiter, your mouth so refreshed!



1/3: economy size 2/3

CATARRH in Head & Nose

Smear a little 'NOSTROLINE' inside nostrils. 'NOSTROLINE' quickly relieves stuffiness and congestion. Soothes soreness and irritation at a touch. 'NOSTROLINE' acts quickly—gives lasting relief. Grand for children (used by the Quads). Easy to use. Very economical. NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. Chemists 2/-.

'NOSTROLINE'

AGAIN—
the famous
"VITABRACE"
THE PERFECT SUPPORT FOR
EVERY MAN

The "VITABRACE"—now immeasurably advanced in design and quality—restores a healthy, flat waistline and gives masterly uplift to weak or tired abdominal muscles. Made from fine elastic fabric, with no buckles or hooks, it is comfortable to wear and quite inconspicuous. Drooping or strained muscles are given a chance to mend and—more important—the very appearance of slenderness and vitality which the "VITABRACE" ensures has a tonic effect upon the wearer.

Up to 46-in. hips.
Price 13/2 post free 2 for 25/-
(2 coupons each.)

Super quality (3 coupons) 33/6, up to 48-in. hips: 44-49-in. hips 48/6. Extra super quality (3 coupons), hand knitted. 70/- up to 44-in. hips: 44-49-in. hips 76/6. Please state hip measurement (NOT waist). Money and coupons refunded if not approved. Catalogues of men's or women's surgical and other belts and corsets free. State needs.

BEASLEY'S BELT DEPT. 8VB
The Manor House, Newnham, Glos.



2 SPRING GUIDES for GARDEN LOVERS



BEES
SEED BOOK of Flowers and Vegetables.
SPRING ANNUAL of Plants, Shrubs.
Send 2/- stamp for either publication.

BEES LTD., Dept. J.B., Mill St., Liverpool
(1) Please send me your SEED BOOK.
(2) Please send me your PLANT ANNUAL.
(Cross out one not wanted.)
Name
Address

For ACID INDIGESTION

chew a couple of

'MILK of MAGNESIA' TABLETS
(REGD)

By correcting acidity they give prompt relief from indigestion. *'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets are handy to carry in handbag or pocket.

* Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



30 Tablets 1/3 — 75 Tablets 2/6



She shall have 'divi' wherever she goes

THAT is what National Membership—the new scheme which came into force on January 31st—means to the Co-operative member. Here is how it works.

Every member of a Co-operative Society is now also a member, for all practical trading purposes, of almost every other Co-operative Society in Great Britain. If you are a member of Manchester and Salford, for example, and spend your holidays in Perth, you would draw dividend on purchases you may make at Perth Society. The amount due would be remitted to your own Society and credited to you. *So now you can shop away from home and still get your Co-op dividend.* Secondly, when you move to another area you simply inform your present Society and your share and/or loan capital will be transferred to your new one.

Finally, purchases in *all* departments qualify for dividend.

An announcement of the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd

"New *SUPER* OXYDOL cuts the work in half!"

says
Mrs Mary Pullen,
of 20 Rhodfar Brain,
Swansea.



Mrs. Mary Pullen, married 14 years, has three children. "With three boys to wash for" she says, "you need a soap powder that really gets out the dirt."

HERE'S WHY:



1 IT GIVES NEARLY TWICE THE LATHER



2 IT DOES NEARLY TWICE THE WASH



3 IT GETS WHITES WHITER WITHOUT BLEACHING

TAKE a note of what Mrs. Pullen says, lady. And she's only one of many. For thousands of housewives are asking for this wonderful new Super Oxydol now. Why? Because they've found in actual use, that the new Super Oxydol gives nearly twice as much lather. Does nearly twice as much washing, too. And they've proved for themselves *that only Super Oxydol has this amazing new power.*

There's lots more about this new Super Oxydol. First, it contains no bleach or harsh chemicals of any kind. Then, its amazing new kind of lather goes on easing out every last possible speck of dirt until your whites are whiter than they were ever washed before. Colours brighter, too. And it's so gentle your clothes last wash after wash. Make sure you ask for Super Oxydol first every time.

NEW



SUPER



OXYDOL

GIVES MORE LATHER... CONTAINS NO BLEACH!